PRESTON FIGHT;

OR, THE

INSURRECTION OF 1715.

A Tale.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"BOSCOBEL," "THE MANCHESTER REBELS OF '45," "THE TOWER OF LONDON," AND "WINDSOR CASTLE," &c. &c. &c.

My Lord Derwentwater he did swear,
If that Proud Preston he came near,
Ere the Right should starve, and the Wrong shall stand,
He would drive them into some foreign land.

Old Lancashire Ballad.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1875.

[*Right of Translation reserved by the Author.*]

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/prestonfightorin00ains_4

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

BOOK VII.—THE ATTACK—*continued.*

X.

PAGE

General Wills arrives at Preston 3

BOOK VIII.—THE DEFENCE.

I.

The Barricades 21

II.

What the Countess and Dorothy beheld from the Summit of the Mansion 32

III.

The Commencement of the Assault . . . 39

IV.

Altercation between Forster and Mackintosh . 45

V.

How the Two Large Houses in Church-street were Taken by the Assailants . . . 49

VI.

Houses Burnt by the Assailants 55

VII.

The Windmill Barricade 59

VIII.

PAGE

How the Two Large Houses were Illuminated . 64

IX.

The Ford 77

X.

By whom the Countess and Dorothy were Liberated 86

XI.

An Unlucky Shot 94

BOOK IX.—THE SURRENDER.

I.

How a Party of Dragoons was Routed by Captain Gordon 101

II.

Meeting of Carpenter and Wills 106

III.

General Forster wishes to Capitulate . . 112

IV.

Colonel Oxburgh proposes Terms of Surrender to Wills 117

V.

Captain Dalziel has a Conference with Wills . 121

VI.

How Forster learnt that he had been Betrayed 127

VII.

Colonel Cotton 131

VIII.

Hostages required 135

PAGE

IX.

In what Manner the Hostages were received by General Wills 141

X.

Brigadier Mackintosh dissuades the Earl of Wintoun from sallying forth . . . 145

XI.

The Terms of the Treaty are accepted . . 148

XII.

The Insurgent Officers deliver up their Swords 154

XIII.

How Brigadier Mackintosh parted with his Claymore 160

XIV.

The Two Generals enter the Town . . . 164

XV.

The Town is Plundered by the Soldiery . . 171

XVI.

Captain Shaftoe is Shot 177

BOOK X.—THE DUNGEON.

I.

The Chief Insurgent Prisoners are taken to London 185

II.

The Earl of Derwentwater is Imprisoned in the Devereux Tower 191

III. PAGE
THE EARL OF NITHSDALE'S ESCAPE 200

IV.
THE EARL OF WINTOUN'S ESCAPE 207

V.
GENERAL FORSTER'S ESCAPE FROM NEWGATE . . 214

VI.
BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH'S ESCAPE 222

BOOK XI.—THE SCAFFOLD.

I.
THE LAST PARTING BETWEEN THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER AND THE COUNTESS 233

II.
HOW LORD WIDDRINGTON TOOK A LAST LEAVE OF THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER 241

III.
HOW THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER WAS BEHEADED. 246

IV.
WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CHAPEL AT DAGENHAM PARK 254

V.
THE JOURNEY TO DILSTON 258

VI.
THE INTERMENT 262

PRESTON FIGHT.

Book the Seventh.

[CONTINUED.]

THE ATTACK.

X.

GENERAL WILLS ARRIVES AT PRESTON.

HAVING fully arranged his plans, General Wills summoned the various commanders, and after explaining to them his views, made the following disposition of his forces.

The horse and dragoons were to be formed into three brigades: the first to consist of Wynn's and Honeywood's regiments, under the command of Brigadier Honeywood; the second to comprise Mun-

den's and Stanhope's regiments, under the command of Brigadier Munden; and the third to comprehend Pitt and Dormer's regiments, under the command of Brigadier Dormer.

"We shall set out at break of day," said the general, "and this will be the order of march. In the front will be Preston's foot, with a vanguard of fifty men from the regiment, commanded by Lord Forrester. Then will follow the three brigades I have appointed, while the whole of the militia, under the command of Sir Henry Hoghton, will bring up the rear."

"Am I to cross the bridge, general?" inquired Sir Henry, who was present.

"Most probably the bridge and the approaches to it will be defended," replied Wills. "Post your men at various points on the south bank of the river.

Station two parties of horse about a hundred yards apart on the left of the bridge, and place small parties along the bank as far as the ferry-house, extending them, if necessary, in the direction of Penwortham, where Parson Woods will be posted with his men. Thus the whole of the bank will be guarded, and no supplies can be conveyed to the rebels—nor can any of them escape."

"I quite understand, general," said Sir Henry, "and will carefully attend to your instructions."

"One word more, gentlemen, and I have done," said Wills, looking round. "As we shall set out as soon as it is light, you must all be on the alert an hour before daybreak, so as to prevent any chance of delay. This applies particularly to the foot and the advanced guard, who ought to start

half an hour before the horse. We shall halt for an hour at Chorley, to breakfast."

In anticipation of the day they had before them, the commanders and officers retired early to rest. But not till he had satisfied himself by personal inspection that all the regiments under his command were in good marching order did General Wills seek his couch.

Fully an hour before daybreak the reveillé was sounded, and it was scarcely light when the vanguard, commanded by Lord Forrester, marched out of Wigan.

After a short interval, the advanced guard was followed by Preston's regiment of foot—known as the Old Cameronians—which could boast some of the finest men in the service. Then followed, after another pause, the three brigades of cavalry; and both men and horses being in excel-

lent condition, these regiments looked remarkably well. General Wills rode with Brigadier Honeywood at the head of the first brigade.

After a long train of baggage wagons came the militia, numbering some six hundred horse and foot, commanded by Sir Henry Hoghton. Like the regular soldiers, the militia-men looked exceedingly well, and were loudly cheered by the inhabitants, most of whom—though the hour was so early—had assembled to witness the march forth of the troops.

The spectacle was rendered infinitely more impressive by the circumstance that the men were about to fight a battle. The result, however, of the impending contest seemed scarcely doubtful, and the general opinion was that the rebellion would be effectually crushed.

Confident in their leader, and animated

by their officers, who promised them an easy victory over the insurgents, with the plunder of the rich town of Preston, the king's soldiers were in excellent spirits.

Nor did anything occur in the march to disquiet them. The morning being fine and the roads in tolerably good order, the infantry got on very well, and were very little fatigued on reaching Chorley.

During the halt at Chorley, word was brought to General Wills by a scout that the bridge over the Ribble was defended by Colonel John Farquharson of Invercauld, with a hundred picked men belonging to Colonel Mackintosh's battalion.

General Forster had likewise come forth to reconnoitre, and had been seen with a party of horse about two miles south of the bridge, on the Wigan road.

This intelligence did not seem to necessitate any alteration in General Wills's

plans, but he ordered Lord Forrester and Captain Preston to halt at Walton-le-Dale till he himself should come up.

After this short halt the march was resumed, and on arriving at Walton-le-Dale, the general learnt that Colonel Farquharson had been strengthened by three hundred men sent to support him by the Earl of Derwentwater.

Under the impression that the bridge would be stoutly defended, Wills prepared to attack it with Honeywood's brigade, but what was his surprise, on arriving at the spot, to find the passage entirely unoccupied!

What had become of Colonel Farquharson and his Highlanders? Where were Lord Derwentwater's three hundred men? Not one of them was to be seen. Though there was nothing to impede his progress, Wills hesitated for a few minutes, suspecting some

stratagem might be intended. He then rode boldly across the bridge, and was followed by his whole force, with the exception of the militia, which remained on the south bank of the river, and took up the position assigned.

After crossing the bridge Wills again halted before entering the deep lane that led to the town, and thinking the hedges might be lined, he caused them to be examined, but no skirmishers could be discovered.

Unable, otherwise, to account for such strange neglect of all precautions, he came to the conclusion that the rebels must have abandoned the town, and commenced a retreat to Scotland.

Should this prove to be the case, it would be a great disappointment to him, as well as to his soldiery, since it would deprive him of victory, and the men of the plunder they expected to obtain.

However, his alarm was quickly dispelled. A prisoner had been taken, and was brought before him.

The man had refused to answer the sergeant who first interrogated him, but as Wills threatened to have him shot, he became more compliant.

"Where are the rebels?" demanded the general.

"In the town," replied the man, sullenly.

"Is General Forster there?" continued Wills.

"I suppose so," said the prisoner.

"And Lord Derwentwater?"

"Maybe," replied the man. "But I have not seen him."

"Take care how you answer, fellow!" cried Wills, sternly. "Are you quite sure Brigadier Mackintosh has not set out for Scotland?"

"Quite sure," replied the man. "I saw him not half an hour ago—helping to make a barricade."

"A barricade!" exclaimed Wills, glancing at Brigadier Honeywood. "Now we are coming to it. Where is the barricade formed?" he added to the prisoner.

"In the Churchgate," replied the man.

"Is that the only barrier?"

"No, there are three others. All the entrances to the town are barricaded."

"Then the rebels mean to defend themselves?" said Wills.

"To the last. You needn't expect them to surrender."

"If they don't, I shall cut them to pieces," said Wills, sternly. "Go back to the town and tell them so."

"I won't deliver any such message. It would cost me my life."

"No matter," cried Wills. "Obey me.

Recollect what I have said. Not one of the rebels shall escape me—unless their leaders surrender at discretion. Now begone!"

The man was then set free, and driven towards the town, but he did not re-enter it.

General Wills then quitted the lane, which was shut in, as we have said, by high hedges, and led his troops to some fields on the left that commanded a full view of the town.

How peaceful and beautiful it looked! Even the stern Wills, who was about to deliver it up to fire and sword, felt a certain regret at the thought of destroying so pleasant a place.

Very few evidences of preparation on the part of the insurgents were visible, the barriers and intrenchments being all in the interior of the town.

A few soldiers could be descried at the

outskirts, but no guard was placed at the extremity of the avenues. Wills quite understood what this meant, and judged correctly that the houses on either side of the streets must be filled with troops ready to pour a murderous fire upon the assailants as they entered the town.

Aware that cavalry could not act within the town, Wills gave orders that two regiments of dragoons should dismount, when the attack was made, in order to support the foot. His first business, however, was to dispose his men so as to prevent the rebels from sallying forth, and cut off their retreat in case they should make the attempt.

This done, he ordered two attacks to be made simultaneously upon the town; one by Brigadier Honeywood from the Wigan road on the south—the other by Brigadiers Dormer and Munden from the Lancaster road on the north.

His directions were thus conveyed to Honeywood :

"You will have with you Preston's regiment of foot to be commanded by Lord Forrester, likewise two hundred and fifty dismounted dragoons, commanded by five captains. These are to support Preston's foot. You will sustain the whole with your regiment."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, general," replied Honeywood.

Wills then gave similar directions to Brigadiers Dormer and Munden, telling them they would have under their joint command three hundred dismounted dragoons for the attack on the Lancaster avenue, which would be sustained by two mounted regiments.

Then addressing the brigadiers he added,

"Obtain possession of the ends of the town as speedily as may be, and set fire to

the houses, in order to dislodge the rebels, who no doubt occupy them. Next make lodgments for your own men, so as to prevent the sallying forth of the rebels upon them, and check the escape of the enemy."

"It shall be done, general," said Brigadier Dormer.

"Before commencing hostilities, however, I shall send a summons of surrender to General Forster," said Wills. "But I do not think he will comply with it."

Scarcely were the words spoken, than several shots were fired from a farm-yard near the town, by which an orderly near the general was killed, and another officer wounded.

"Soh!" cried Wills, fiercely. "There will now be no summons to surrender. Let the attack commence forthwith."

Brigadiers Dormer and Munden with the regiments under their command, then

rode off to the north side of the town to attack the Lancaster avenue; while Lord Forrester led Preston's foot towards the upper end of the Wigan avenue, followed by the dismounted dragoons, and sustained by Brigadier Honeywood's regiment.

Shortly afterwards, sharp firing announced that the attack had commenced on both sides of the town.

End of Book the Seventh.

Book the Eighth.

THE DEFENCE.

I.

THE BARRICADES.

Rudely awakened from his slumbers at a far earlier hour than he usually allowed himself to be disturbed, by the intelligence that Wills was marching to attack him with his whole force, and scarcely able, even then, to credit the unwelcome news, and with an aching head, General Forster attired himself in haste, and, ordering a small troop of horse to attend him, rode forth to reconnoitre.

On reaching the Ribble Bridge, he found a party of Highlanders placed there, and was informed by Colonel Farquharson, who commanded them, that the king's army was certainly approaching.

Still doubting, the general rode on for a few miles further, when he descried the vanguard of the enemy, and quickly turned back.

In the interval the Highlanders had left the bridge, their place being taken by three hundred of Lord Derwentwater's men, under the command of Captain Shaftoe. Angry that this change should have been made without his sanction, Forster ordered Shaftoe to abandon the bridge and return to the town.

The order was very reluctantly obeyed. Captain Shaftoe would fain have proceeded to Penwortham to dislodge Parson Woods, but was not allowed.

Immediately on his return to the town, General Forster summoned a council of war, which was attended by all the English and Scottish leaders. They were quite alive to the danger of their position, and evidently had very little reliance either on the judgment or skill of their commander.

Under these circumstances the advice of Brigadier Mackintosh was urgently requested by Lord Derwentwater and others.

"You have greater military experience than any of us, brigadier," said the earl. "What plan do you suggest?"

"Will you follow out my plan, if I offer it?" said the brigadier.

"We will," replied the earl. "If we waste time in discussion, the enemy will be upon us."

"Aweel, then," said Mackintosh. "It will be useless to defend the bridge, since the river is fordable in many places, nor do

I think it would be safe to risk a battle outside the town, because the Highlanders have not yet learned to face cavalry. Nothing frightens them so much as a charge of horse. For this reason I would have the battle take place within the town, where the cavalry, of which the enemy's force chiefly consists, will be least serviceable, and where the Highlanders will fight well. Barricades and intrenchments can be thrown up in different parts of the streets so as to impede the advance of the enemy, and a destructive fire can be poured upon them from the roofs and windows of the houses."

All approved of the plan, except Forster, and he was overruled.

"How many barricades shall we require?—and where do you propose to erect them?" said Lord Widdrington.

"Four will suffice," replied the brigadier.

"In fact, we haven't time to form more. The first shall be placed a little below the church, and as it is likely to be the chief object of attack, I will take the command of it myself."

"Why not make it at the extreme end of the street, so as to prevent the entrance of the enemy?" said Forster.

"There are so many lanes and avenues thereabouts that I should require more men than I possess to defend the post," replied the brigadier. "The second barrier will be best placed, in my opinion, at the back of the house now occupied by Lord Derwentwater, and I would have it commanded by Lord Charles Murray."

"I accept the post," replied the gallant young nobleman.

"The third barrier should be in the Fishergate," pursued the brigadier; "and it would be well served by Lord Strath-

more's men, under the command of Captain Douglas."

"I am glad you have named me to a post of danger, brigadier," said Captain Douglas. "I'll do my best to maintain it."

"The last battery must be near the windmill in the Lancaster avenue," said the brigadier; "and I will confide it to my kinsman, Colonel Mackintosh, and his men."

"I'll take it," replied the colonel; "and keep it—as long as I can."

"And now let us set to work at once," said the brigadier. "We haven't a minute to lose."

Thereupon they all went forth, and each person, to whom the construction and command of a barricade had been committed, called his men together, and proceeded to the appointed spot.

Such extraordinary exertions were made, and so many hands employed, that in an

incredibly short space of time intrenchments were thrown up, and strong barriers formed.

The Earl of Derwentwater and Charles Radclyffe assisted in person in the formation of the Churchgate barrier. Stripping off their coats they worked like pioneers, and were greatly encouraged by the presence of the countess and Dorothy Forster.

As soon as the Churchgate barrier was completed, two of the ship guns brought from Lancaster were placed upon it and entrusted to the management of Tom Syddall and some of his men.

While these defensive preparations were going on, all the houses in Church-street and the Fishergate were filled with Highlanders and dismounted troopers, ready to fire upon the enemy from window, roof, and cellar.

In these two streets were the best houses

of the town, and here Brigadier Mackintosh anticipated that the chief attack would be made.

The church, as already mentioned, was surrounded by an extensive churchyard, and here—as the most available place for the purpose—a strong force was collected.

On the north side of the edifice were posted the Lowlanders and Northumbrian gentlemen — the latter being now dismounted—under the command of Colonel Oxburgh and Colonel Brereton, who had lately joined as a volunteer.

On the south side were planted the Borderers, likewise dismounted, under the command of Captains Douglas and Hunter.

In a small street adjoining Sir Henry Hoghton's house a small barrier had been formed by Captain Wogan and his regiment.

All the reserves were posted in the

market-place, and here were kept the horses of the dismounted troopers.

While the barriers were being formed, General Forster, attended by a small party of men, rode from point to point to give directions, which were not always obeyed.

Having finished his survey he entered the town-hall, where a great number of ladies had taken refuge—among whom was Mrs. Scarisbrick—and assured them they had nothing to fear.

"The enemy will never be able to penetrate the centre of the town," he said. "All the fighting will take place at the barricades. We shall soon force them to retreat."

"I am glad to find you are so confident," said Mrs. Scarisbrick. "For my own part I confess I feel very uneasy—though I don't doubt the bravery of our troops."

"My preparations are so well made that we are quite unassailable," said Forster.

"The barriers will never be passed. Lady Derwentwater and my sister entertain so little apprehension of the result of the attack that they do not mean to quit Sir Henry Hoghton's house, but will station themselves on the roof to witness the attack on the battery."

"I begin to think I should like to see the commencement of the attack," remarked Mrs. Scarisbrick. "It must be a very curious sight. And since you say there is no danger——"

"I don't say so," interrupted Forster. "On the contrary, there *is* very great danger. Stay where you are. You are quite safe here."

"No, I *will* go," she cried. "My curiosity is aroused. You shall take me to Sir Henry Hoghton's house."

"Don't ask me!" he cried. "I won't do it."

The lady, however, being determined, he was obliged to comply.

Ordering a trooper to follow him with his horse, he conducted her to Church-street, which was now full of soldiers, and left her at the entrance to Sir Henry Hoghton's house. She would not allow him to go further, saying, she could easily find her way to the roof.

II.

WHAT THE COUNTESS AND DOROTHY BEHELD FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE MANSION.

No position in the town, except, perhaps, the tower of the church, commanded so good a view of the proceedings as was obtained from the summit of this lofty mansion.

Part of the roof was flat, and protected by a balustrade, and it was here that the countess and Dorothy Forster were stationed.

They had come there, after witnessing the completion of the barricade at which the earl had assisted, and contemplated the scene with extraordinary interest.

From this spot they could clearly distinguish the movements of the enemy. They saw General Wills issue from the Wigan lane with his infantry and cavalry, and draw up in the fields to survey the town, and they could not help contrasting the appearance of the king's soldiers with that of their own undisciplined troops.

After a time, they saw two brigades of horse and dragoons move off towards the other side of the town, and though these troops soon disappeared, the object of the movement was clear.

An attack was about to be made on the Lancaster avenue. Nor could it be doubted that a simultaneous attack would

be made on the south by the forces left behind.

This conviction sent a thrill of terror through the breasts of the two lookers-on. But they were reassured when they perceived that both streets were now very strongly guarded—that the trenches were completed and cannon mounted on the barricades—that not only were troops thickly planted at the barriers, but the roofs and windows of all the houses were occupied by Highlanders and other soldiers—that the churchyard, which was almost opposite them, was full of troops—showing that if the enemy was ready to make the attack, their friends were prepared for a gallant defence.

Nor was this all. Looking towards the Broadway at the back of the garden, they could descry the barricade commanded by Lord Charles Murray, and saw that it was

guarded by a large party of Highlanders, while the advanced guard of Northumbrian gentlemen, commanded by Captain Wogan, could likewise be seen posted at the end of a narrow street at the left.

In a word, all the approaches, so far as discernible, seemed well protected. The access to the market-place from Church-street was blocked up by cavalry.

Nor could they entertain any doubt that the preparations on the other side of the town were equally efficient. They felt sure that the Lancaster avenue would be well guarded by Colonel Mackintosh and the Clan Chattan. The spectacle thus presented to their gaze dispelled any misgivings, and filled them with ardour.

At this juncture Lord Derwentwater appeared on the roof, attended by Father Norham and Newbiggin.

"You must quit this place immediately,"

he said. "The attack is about to commence. Father Norham and Newbiggin will take you to the town-hall, where you will be safe."

"We shall see nothing at the town-hall," said the countess. "I don't think we are in the least danger here."

"You cannot remain," said the earl. "The lower part of the house is occupied by Captain Innes with a party of Highlanders, and when the attack commences, some of them will come to the roof."

"Let us stay till then," entreated Dorothy. "We must see the commencement of the attack."

"I will not stir from the post at present," said the countess.

"I shall never forgive myself if any disaster occurs," said the earl. "I ought not to have consented to your remaining here so long. Why did you not yield to

my entreaties? Had you set out yesterday, you would now be far on the road to Dilston."

"You must blame me more than the countess, my lord," said Dorothy. "I besought her to stay, and she yielded to my request."

"Commit no further errors," said Father Norham. "Quit this dangerous position immediately, and repair to the town-hall as suggested by his lordship."

"Must we really go?" said the countess, with an appealing look to the earl. "Do let us stay for a few minutes longer!"

"Well, I consent," he replied. "But only on the condition that you depart when Father Norman deems it prudent to do so. I commit them to your care, father."

"Be sure I will watch over them, my son," replied the priest.

"Newbiggin, I need not give any com-

mands to you," said the earl. "You will attend to your lady and Miss Forster."

"With my life," replied the butler.

Scarcely had the earl taken his departure than Mrs. Scarisbrick made her appearance on the roof, and took up her station by the other ladies.

"I am just in time," she said, after greetings had passed between. "General Forster says there is no danger here."

"I hope not," replied Dorothy. "But we shall not remain here long."

Meantime, the Earl of Derwentwater had proceeded to the adjacent barrier, and taken up a position with Brigadier Mackintosh, who had likewise been joined by Lord Kenmure and the Earls of Wintoun and Nithsdale.

III.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ASSAULT.

A STRANGE and portentous quietude now prevailed, like the awful hush preceding a storm. All the insurgent troops were in position, and in momentary expectation of the attack.

The barricades were manned, the houses occupied with soldiers as we have mentioned, and the churchyard filled with troops. But not a sound proceeded from this vast collection of men.

Never before had Preston beheld such a sight. Except in the market-place, all business was suspended throughout the town, but here the houses were open, and the Mitre and the Bull were thronged.

Terrified to death at the thought of the approaching conflict, almost all the residents in Church-street and Fishergate had quitted their houses, and repaired to the centre of the town. It was the same thing in Friargate, and in many houses in the Lancaster avenue.

Thus in fear and trembling did the inhabitants of Preston await the commencement of the assault.

At length, a murmur arose from those stationed on the roofs of houses, and everywhere were heard the words, "They come."

Then the countess and Dorothy, with hundreds of others who were gazing eagerly towards the Wigan avenue, beheld a body

of red-coated foot soldiers issue from the lane, and march towards the street.

These were Preston's foot. Captain Preston was with them himself, but on this occasion the regiment was commanded by Lord Forrester, who rode at their head.

The men looked very well, and presented a very gallant appearance. They were supported by two hundred and fifty dragoons, selected from five different regiments, each party being commanded by a captain, and the whole being commanded by Major Bland and Major Lawson.

Then came two regiments of dragoons under the command of Brigadier Honeywood.

Casting a rapid glance along the street, Lord Forrester instantly saw how matters stood, but ordered his men to attack the barricade, which presented a very formidable appearance with the cannon mounted

upon it, and the troops collected behind it.

But the assailants had not advanced far, when such a terrible fire was poured upon them from the barricade, and from the roofs and windows of the houses, that they halted.

By this deadly discharge nearly fifty men were killed, or severely wounded. Loud shouts arose from the defenders of the barricade, and stifled the groans of the wounded.

The fire of the defenders was instantly returned by the assailants, but with comparatively little effect.

Urged on by Lord Forrester and Captain Preston the assailants marched on, but were checked by a second discharge quite as terrible as the first, while the cannon being well directed by Tom Syddall and his men, did great execution.

Thus much did the countess and Dorothy see, but they beheld no more. The spectacle of that street, filled with dying and dead, was too much for them, and they covered their eyes to shut out the dreadful sight.

"Shall I take you hence?" said Father Norham.

"Yes—yes!" cried the countess.

Casting one look at the barricade, and seeing that the earl was safe, she instantly quitted the roof with the priest and Newbiggin. The other ladies followed. The party did not venture into the street, but made their way through the garden at the back of the house. As they were speeding along, another discharge of musketry took place, accompanied by the roar of the cannon.

At the same time distant firing was heard on the north side of the town, showing that the attack had likewise begun in this

quarter. A sergeant, despatched by Captain Innes, made way for them through the crowded street to the market-place.

No sooner had they reached the town-hall than the countess and Dorothy withdrew to a private room, with the priest, and spent some time in earnest devotions.

IV.

ALTERCATION BETWEEN FORSTER AND MACKINTOSH.

FINDING it impossible to force his men to attack the barricade in the face of this incessant fire, Lord Forrester did not attempt any further advance for the present, but retiring to the end of the street, where he was sustained by the dismounted dragoons and Honeywood's regiment, directed Captain Preston to lead a party of men through a narrow passage which he had observed to the back of the street, and, if possible,

get possession of Sir Henry Hoghton's house.

Captain Preston at once obeyed the order, but on reaching a thoroughfare, called the Broadway, at the back of the houses, he found his advance checked by the small barrier commanded by Captain Wogan. However, he unhesitatingly attacked it, but was repulsed.

While heading a second assault he was struck down by a shot, and would have instantly been cut to pieces if Captain Wogan, at the hazard of his own life, had not dashed to his assistance, and saved him from the swords raised against him.

Having succeeded in bringing off his wounded foe, the generous Wogan consigned him to the care of a surgeon. But all aid was unavailing. Preston, than whom there was not a better or a braver officer in the king's service, was dead.

Hitherto General Forster had taken no part in the defence, but during a cessation of firing he rode up to the Churchgate battery, and called out to Mackintosh in a loud authoritative tone:

"Brigadier! sally out at once with your Highlanders upon the enemy."

"Na, na, general," replied Mackintosh. "Were I to part my foot from the horse, they might be cut off."

"I don't see why that should be," rejoined Forster. "But if you are afraid of the foot, sally out with the horse."

"I cannot obey you, general," replied the brigadier; "and for this reason. In sallying out, as you suggest, the cavalry wad have to pass through the fire of our ain foot to their great detriment; and if they failed in the attempt, they would be unable to retreat, and thus the Highlanders would be pent up in the town."

"I don't see the reason," cried Forster, angrily; "but I perceive you are resolved not to obey me."

"I won't sacrifice my men, general," rejoined the brigadier.

"Then you will take the consequences, sir," said Forster; "for, by Heaven! if I survive this day, and the king comes to his own, I'll have you tried by a court-martial."

Mackintosh shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

Just then the firing recommenced, and Forster withdrew to vent his anger elsewhere.

Learning that Mackintosh had stationed Captain Innes with a party of Highlanders in Sir Henry Hoghton's house, he immediately removed them, without alleging any reason for the step, and ordered Captain Maclean, with a company of gentlemen volunteers, to take the post.

V.

HOW THE TWO LARGE HOUSES IN CHURCH-STREET WERE TAKEN BY THE ASSAILANTS.

During Forster's altercation with the brigadier, Lord Derwentwater proceeded to the churchyard. He had now no fears respecting the countess and Dorothy, for he knew they had reached the town-hall in safety.

Scarcely had he entered the churchyard, when he perceived Captain Gordon, and calling him, said:

"You are the very man I want. Go instantly to the top of the church-tower, and let me know the movements of the enemy."

Captain Gordon obeyed, and as soon as he reached this exalted position he looked carefully around.

We have already mentioned that the tower in question was singularly low, but from its position it commanded an entire view of the operations.

From this post of observation Captain Gordon could see Brigadier Honeywood with his regiment of dragoons stationed at the end of the street, but he did not concern himself with them, his attention being particularly attracted to the movements of Major Bland, with a large party of dismounted dragoons, attacking the battery commanded by Lord Charles Murray.

Lord Charles was defending himself vi-

gorously and successfully, when another party was seen approaching to attack him in the flank.

Thereupon Captain Gordon gave a signal to the Earl of Derwentwater, who immediately put himself at the head of a hundred of his gentlemen and hastened to Lord Charles's assistance.

Suddenly appearing in the back lane, and flanking the enemy with a close fire, the earl quickly put them to confusion and flight.

But, while retreating, the dragoons burst open the door at the back of Sir Henry Hoghton's garden, drove out Captain Maclean and the volunteers placed there by General Forster, and took possession of the mansion.

Almost at the same time, the large house belonging to Mr. Eyre, on the opposite side of the street, which had served as Ge-

neral Forster's head-quarters, fell into the hands of Brigadier Honeywood.

On observing this, Captain Gordon immediately descended from the church-tower, and sought out General Forster, whom he found near the entrance to the market-place, and told him what had happened.

"By the possession of these two houses, general," he said, "the enemy have secured most commanding positions, which will not only afford them shelter from our fire, but enable them to do us great damage. They must be retaken at any cost, but I would recommend as the shortest way that both houses be demolished by our cannon."

"I cannot consent to their destruction, sir," replied Forster. "The body of the town is the security of the army. We must dislodge the enemy—not destroy the houses."

"But do you not perceive, general, that by this course you are affording security to the besiegers," said Captain Gordon. "Reinforcements are sure to arrive, and then we shall never be able to drive out the enemy."

"At all events, the attempt shall be made before I have recourse to cannon," rejoined Forster. "Let both houses be attacked in front and rear—but mind! cannon must not be used."

Scarcely able to control his anger, Captain Gordon went away.

On his return, he found that a vigorous attempt was being made by Lord Derwentwater to dislodge the enemy from Sir Henry Hoghton's house, and a sharp conflict was then going on in the garden.

An attempt was likewise being made to recover Mr. Eyre's house by a large party

of dismounted troopers headed by Charles Radclyffe and Captain Shaftoe.

Brigadier Mackintosh would have quickly knocked down both these houses, but on learning that General Forster had positively prohibited the use of cannon, he desisted.

VI.

HOUSES BURNT BY THE ASSAILANTS.

With the exception of the loss sustained by the capture of these two important houses, and which had been entirely caused by Forster's gross mismanagement, the insurgents had not only held their own, but obtained decided advantages over the enemy.

Not one of the three batteries on the south side of the town, though all had been repeatedly and vigorously attacked, had been taken. On the contrary, in every

instance, the assailants had been repulsed, and with great loss. Neither by stratagem, nor direct assault, had any portion of the king's forces been able to penetrate into the town. All the damage they had done was at the outskirts.

The church, which constituted the most important position on the south, was entirely in the hands of the insurgents, and so trifling had been the loss sustained by them, that it had not been necessary, as yet, to call upon the reserves stationed in the market-place.

Of course, the brunt of the fight had been borne by Brigadier Mackintosh, who had planned the able defence of the town, and had stood as firm as a rock beside the barrier he had reared, but a most courageous defence of the Fishergate barrier was made by Captain Douglas and Captain Hunter, and their moss-troopers and Borderers.

Individual acts of valour were performed by these hardy fellows worthy of another age. Not content with firing upon the assailants from roof and window, they occasionally sallied forth, and then some most desperate encounters took place between them and Colonel Pitt's dismounted dragoons. Captain Douglas, who was a very powerful man, killed three dragoons with his own hand. In another sally Captain Hunter and half a dozen men with him advanced too far, and being completely surrounded, must have been captured, or slain, had they not been rescued at great personal risk by Captain Douglas.

Some barns and small habitations, at the end of the Fishergate avenue, occupied by the moss-troopers, were set fire to and burnt by Pitt's men, but no real damage was done.

At the same time several much larger

houses were set on fire at the end of Church-street by order of Brigadier Honeywood, so as to drive out the Highlanders who occupied them, and compel them to take refuge in the churchyard. Fortunately, the wind being in the north at the time, the conflagration did not spread far. Had it blown from the opposite quarter, and the wind been strong, the whole town would probably have been destroyed. No efforts being made to extinguish the fires, the houses continued burning for several hours, and long after it became dark.

VII.

THE WINDMILL BARRICADE.

We must now repair to the Windmill barricade, situated at the end of the Lancaster road, and commanded by Colonel Mackintosh, kinsman of the brigadier.

Brigadier Dormer with three hundred dismounted dragoons attempted to approach this barricade by a narrow street or lane called the Back Wynd, but they were thwarted in their design by the vigilant Highlanders, who screened by garden walls,

hedges, and ditches, killed nearly half their number, and forced the rest to retreat.

A direct attack was then made on the barricade, but with no better success. The Mackintoshes proved themselves splendid marksmen.

After a third ineffectual attack by a back road, during which he again sustained considerable loss, Brigadier Dormer ordered Sergeant Johnstone and Corporal Marlow, with a score of Stanhope's dragoons, to set on fire all the houses and out-buildings. While seeing the order executed Brigadier Dormer was shot in the leg, the sergeant and corporal were killed, and some of the men wounded, but the work of destruction proceeded—and the houses and cottages were burnt close up to the barricade.

But nothing was gained. The valiant Highland chief and his clansmen laughed

at the futile attempts to drive them from their post.

Having thus taken a survey of the defences of the town, it will be seen that they were all intact, and able to hold out. But the besiegers were under the impression that the insurgents would attempt to cut their way out during the night. Accordingly, the Lancaster avenue was very strongly guarded.

An express had been sent by Sir Henry Hoghton to General Carpenter, who had reached Clitheroe, to inform him that hostilities had commenced, and it was therefore certain he would arrive next day. Should this news reach the rebels, it would quicken their desire to escape, and it behoved the besiegers to be doubly vigilant—especially on the north side of the town, where the exit was most likely to be made.

Several hundreds of the king's troops, as we have stated, had been shot down in the ineffectual attacks on the barriers. Among the wounded were Major Bland and Major Lawson, and, as we have just mentioned, Brigadier Dormer was slightly hurt.

Captain Preston expired as he was being conveyed to the White Bull, where all the wounded insurgents were taken. At this place died Colonel Brereton, Mr. Clifton, and two or three others whose names are not recorded.

When Captain Peter Farquharson, of Rochaley, whose leg had been badly shattered by a bullet, was brought in by half a dozen Highlanders, and laid down on a bench, he called for brandy for the men, and taking a glass himself, said:

"Come, lads, here's to our master's health! I can fight no longer, but I wish you success."

With mingled feelings was the health drunk.

Alas! this gallant officer died under the operation, which was unskilfully performed.

VIII.

HOW THE TWO LARGE HOUSES WERE ILLUMINATED.

Until it grew dark, platoon-firing constantly took place from the two large houses captured by the besiegers. When night came on, the firing of course ceased, though even then occasional shots were heard.

At all the barriers the men rested on their arms, the strictest watch being kept to prevent surprise. The churchyard was still filled with troops.

A strange and terrible light was afforded by the still burning houses, and as these fires were not confined to one quarter, but could be seen at different points, it appeared as if the whole town was burning. The red reflection of the fire in the adjacent street on the tower and windows of the church produced a very striking effect.

After awhile, Brigadier Honeywood caused the windows of the two large mansions, just mentioned, to be brilliantly lighted up, and the illumination revealed every person in the street, and exposed them to the musketeers; but he soon found this told against himself, for the marksmen were quickly discovered and driven from their position, while the windows were broken by showers of bullets.

In the evening a council of war was held at the Mitre, but nothing was determined upon, except that a vigilant watch should

be kept throughout the night, and a determined defence maintained on the morrow.

General Forster took very little part in the discussion, and complained bitterly that Brigadier Mackintosh had disobeyed his orders.

"I suppose it was through my fault, general, that the two large houses in Church-street were lost?" remarked the brigadier.

"Undoubtedly," replied Forster.

"Well, then, I'll repair my fault," said Mackintosh; "for as I'm a living man, I'll demolish them baith, or burn them to the ground to-morrow."

"In defiance of my orders?" cried Forster.

"In defiance of anybody's orders," rejoined Mackintosh.

"Let us have no disputes, I pray," interposed Lord Widdrington. "We have every

reason to be satisfied with the result of the day."

"So confident am I of success," said Mackintosh, "that I am about to write to the Earl of Mar that I expect to gain a victory over General Wills to-morrow. A battle is imminent between his lordship and the Duke of Argyle, and may possibly take place to-morrow. If so, and success should attend our arms both at Stirling and Preston, the Jacobite cause must be triumphant."

"Heaven grant it may!" cried several voices.

After a little further discourse, the council broke up, some proceeding to an adjoining room where supper was laid out, and others returning to their posts.

Only three persons were left in the room. These were Lord Derwentwater, General Forster, and Captain Douglas.

The earl had told the others that he wished to confer with them.

"I trust all will go well to-morrow," he said; "indeed, I do not doubt it. Still I feel the greatest anxiety respecting the countess."

"I do not wonder at it, my lord," remarked Forster. "I am just as anxious about my sister. Would we could get them both safely out of the town—but I fear it is impossible to do so now, since all the avenues are guarded."

"I will insure their escape from the Fishergate barrier, of which I have the command," said Captain Douglas. "But the attempt must not be made before midnight. By crossing the ford, they will be able to gain the Liverpool road. Will the ladies be alone?"

"They will be attended by my chaplain, Father Norham, and my butler, New-

biggin," replied Lord Derwentwater. "I shall not send my grooms with them, unless General Forster desires it."

"No, no!" cried Forster. "The fewer the better."

"Of course, the party will be on horseback?" said Douglas. "I will conduct them to the ford—but there I must leave them."

"That will suffice," said the earl. "And I shall be eternally obliged to you for the service."

"And so shall I," said Forster.

"At midnight, then, I should be fully prepared," said Douglas.

With this, he and Forster joined the others at supper in the next room, while Lord Derwentwater proceeded to the town-hall.

When they were informed of the arrangements made for their flight, the countess

and Dorothy seemed dissatisfied rather than pleased, but the earl was quite resolved upon their departure.

"There is no telling what the morrow may bring forth," he said. "And if fortune should prove adverse, I should bitterly reproach myself for allowing you to remain. Go you must."

All arrangements having been made, Dorothy retired, and the earl and countess were left alone together.

For some minutes they both remained silent. The earl then spoke:

"I hope we may meet again at Dilston as in former days," he said. "But I have great misgivings. To-morrow will decide. We shall then either be victorious, or utterly defeated, and prisoners, for we are shut up in this town. In the latter event I well know what my fate will be, and I confess

that I cannot shake off a dread presentiment that it will happen."

"Do not thus be despondent, my dear lord," said the countess. "To me everything seems to look well."

"Not so," he replied. "We have one great danger. Should General Carpenter arrive before we have beaten Wills, we are lost. Had a victory been gained to-day—as it might and would have been had we not been thwarted by Forster—all would have been well. But now we must trust to chance. I will not say that Forster has betrayed us, but he has been excessively indiscreet in confiding his secrets to Mrs. Scarisbrick."

"Then you think Mrs. Scarisbrick has given secret intelligence to the enemy?"

"I am almost sure of it," replied the earl. "But let us not trouble our parting with gloomy anticipations."

They then endeavoured to talk cheerfully, but the effort was in vain, and it was almost a relief to both of them when Father Norham entered.

He had just heard from Dorothy of their proposed flight, and came to inquire further about it.

"Has your lordship any instructions to give me?" he said.

"None whatever," replied the earl. "I know you will ever watch over the countess during my absence—and if aught happens, console her."

"I will teach her how to bear her affliction," replied the priest. "Perchance this may be your last interview," he added, looking steadily at the countess. "Have you aught to communicate to your husband?"

"We have never had any secrets from

each other, good father," said the earl. "Is it not so, sweetheart?"

The countess made no reply.

A slight pause ensued, after which the earl said:

"Am I to understand you *have* a secret from me?"

Another pause ensued, which was broken by the countess.

"Tell him all, father," she cried. "I cannot."

"What is this?" exclaimed the earl, astonished, and looking at the priest for an explanation. "What have you to tell me?"

"Speak! daughter!" cried Father Norham, imperiously. "The secret must be told."

"Keep me not in suspense!" cried the earl, looking at her.

"You will think me very deceitful when I tell you that my heart was not wholly yours when I wedded you," she replied.

"Not wholly mine!" he exclaimed in a tone of suppressed fury. "Who then was my rival?"

"The prince," she replied.

"The prince!" he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of rage. "Since he was capable of this perfidy, I renounce him—I throw off my allegiance—I will break the sword I have borne for him——"

"Hear me, my lord," she cried, clinging to him.

"Away!" he exclaimed, casting her from him. "How fondly I have loved you, you well know, but now you are hateful to me. Never let me behold you more!"

"Hold! my lord," interposed Father Norham, in a tone of authority which the earl could not resist. "There must

be no misunderstanding between you and the countess. By my counsel she has made this confession to you, because the secret has long weighed upon her heart, and because you may never meet again in this world. Listen to me, my lord. The love conceived by the countess for the prince was simply an ardent feeling of loyalty, carried, perchance, to excess; but in no way culpable. If the prince's image was placed above your own in her breast, you need feel no jealousy. Nor can the prince be blamed, for word of love never passed his lips—nor was he aware of the passion he inspired."

"Is this so?" cried the earl.

"It is so," she replied. "I ought to have told you all this long ago—but hesitated from a silly fear, till my heart had become so burdened that I dared not speak. But now I felt that the confession

must not be delayed, or it might never be made. Can you forgive me?"

"Come to my heart!" he cried, straining her to his breast.

IX.

THE FORD.

MIDNIGHT had come.

Very dark was the night, and favourable to the purpose of those who sought to fly from the beleaguered town. The fires in the burning houses were nearly extinguished, but the course of the conflagration could still be traced by a red glow along the street.

The two large houses, now in the hands of the king's forces, were no longer illumi-

nated, but looked sombre and threatening—the approaches to them in front and at the rear being strongly guarded.

The church-tower could be indistinctly seen in the gloom, and a close survey of the churchyard would have shown that it was filled with troops who were resting on their arms, to be ready for action at break of day.

The barrier in this quarter was strongly guarded by the Highlanders, many of whom were lying on their plaids beside the trenches while their comrades kept watch.

Throughout the town it was the same thing.

At the Windmill battery, where Wynn's and Pitt's regiments were posted, so as completely to block up the Lancaster road, and prevent all chance of escape in that direction, the brave Clan Chattan were gathered — most of them lying on the

ground, but ready to spring to their feet on the slightest alarm.

The barrier commanded by Lord Charles Murray was likewise strongly guarded, and by a vigilant force—this being a position exposed to much peril.

As to the Fishergate barricade, it was better watched by the defenders than by the enemy.

Strange to say, the outlet connected with this battery, and which led to a lane communicating with a ford over the Ribble, was not blocked up like the other avenues.

Three squadrons of horse belonging to Brigadier Pitt were posted at intervals in the fields on the north side of the river—Pitt's own quarters being fixed at a large farm-house on the rise of the hill—but the lane we have mentioned had been left unguarded.

This unaccountable piece of negligence

had been accidentally discovered by Captain Douglas, while reconnoitring the road. Still, he had not ventured more than a quarter of a mile.

Midnight had just tolled, and the besieged town presented the appearance we have endeavoured to describe, when the Countess of Derwentwater embraced her lord, and with his aid mounted the steed that was waiting for her outside the Fishergate barrier.

"Farewell, my best beloved!" cried the earl. "Farewell! it may be for ever! To-morrow will decide my fate. Should the worst happen, be sure my last thought will be of you."

"Farewell, my dearest lord!" she cried. "I will not say for ever! for I am certain we shall meet again!"

Dorothy was already on horseback, and

beside her was Charles Radclyffe, who was resolved to see them safely across the ford.

We have already mentioned that since Dorothy's arrival in Preston, Charles had fallen desperately in love with her; but owing to circumstances, they had been little together, and now they were compelled to part. However, they did not despair of an early meeting.

In attendance on the ladies were Father Norham and Newbiggin, both of whom were well mounted.

As the conductor of the party, Captain Douglas rode a little in advance—but the countess was not far behind him.

Almost instantly the party disappeared in the gloom, and then the earl listened intently for any sounds that might tell how they got on; but nothing to occasion alarm

being heard, after waiting for a few minutes, he retired—though with a sad heart.

Meanwhile, the party proceeded in the order described, and in silence. If a word was exchanged by Charles Radclyffe and Dorothy, it reached no other ears but their own.

No interruption was offered as they rode down the narrow lane, and even a gate that led to a field skirting the river seemed left purposely open.

Here Captain Douglas rode alone to reconnoitre, but returned almost immediately to say that the way was clear.

During his brief absence, the countess cast a look back at the hill, and could just distinguish the dark outline of the town. Here and there, it could be seen from the reflection that a house was still burning.

As they advanced, a slight glimmer showed that the river was close at hand.

Before descending the bank, Captain Douglas took hold of the countess's bridle, and then led her horse cautiously into the water.

His example was followed by Charles Radclyffe, and the two ladies were soon crossing the ford.

Evidently the river was not very deep at this point, and there seemed nothing to occasion uneasiness, when the figure of a man armed with a musket could be suddenly descried on the opposite bank.

As will be surmised, this was no other than Parson Woods of Chowbent, who had undertaken to watch the ford.

"Stop!" he shouted in a loud voice, "you cannot pass here. Attempt to advance further, and I shall fire upon you."

"Look to yourself, friend," rejoined Captain Douglas. "Retire at once, or I will send a bullet through your head."

And drawing a pistol he prepared to excute his threat.

"Hold!" said the countess. "He will let us pass, when he knows we are ladies."

"I don't know that," said Parson Woods. "Who are you?"

"Make way for the Countess of Derwenter and Miss Forster," cried Captain Douglas, thinking to overawe him.

Precisely the contrary effect was produced.

No sooner did Parson Woods hear those important names, than he called to his men who were concealed by the bank behind him:

"Arise, and follow me! Heaven has delivered into our hands the wife and sister of the principal rebels! Come with me, I say, that we may prevent the flight of the Countess of Derwentwater and Miss Forster."

So saying, he dashed into the river, followed by his men, and though Captain Douglas fired at him, he was not harmed, but seized the countess's bridle, and detained her; while Dorothy was captured in like maner by some of his men, despite Charles Radclyffe's resistance.

What might have ensued it is impossible to say, since Captain Douglas and his companion were compelled to beat a hasty retreat by the sudden appearance of a party of Pitt's dragoons.

Father Norham and Newbiggin offered no resistance, and were captured with the ladies.

X.

BY WHOM THE COUNTESS AND DOROTHY WERE LIBERATED.

THE leader of the troop seemed an important personage, since he was treated with marked deference by Parson Woods. After putting a few questions in an undertone to the minister, he turned to the ladies, and said:

"Am I to understand that I am addressing Lady Derwentwater and Miss Forster?"

"You are, sir," replied the countess.

"And if you are satisfied on the point, I presume we shall not be detained?"

The officer made no direct reply, but said rather bluntly: "Who are these persons with you?"

"One is Lord Derwentwater's chaplain," replied the countess. "The other is a private servant."

"Your ladyship must excuse me if I appear inquisitive, but I am obliged to ask where you are going?" said the officer. "Moreover, I must request a precise answer to the inquiry?"

"It is not my habit to equivocate, sir," replied she. "My destination is Dilston, and if we are allowed to proceed, Miss Forster will accompany me."

"I presume your ladyship thinks Preston unsafe, or you would not quit it in this manner?" remarked the officer.

Lady Derwentwater made no reply.

"That question ought not to have been put," said Dorothy. "We are not called upon to explain the cause of our departure."

"But when General Forster's sister flies, it may be presumed that the place is not likely to hold out long," remarked the officer.

"You may draw any inference you please," rejoined Dorothy. "My own opinion is that General Wills will be driven away to-morrow. He has certainly had the worst of it to-day."

"Then you will have an opportunity of witnessing his defeat," said the officer; "for I propose to send you back to the town. Parson Woods, "he added to the minister, "since you have made this important capture, you shall conduct the ladies to the Fishergate avenue. I will send a party of horse to sustain you."

"I don't require support, general," said the minister.

"General!" exclaimed the countess. "Is it possible we are speaking to General Wills?"

"Has your ladyship only just made that discovery?" cried Parson Woods, laughing.

"I suspected it from the first," observed Dorothy.

"You can tell your brother, the general, that you have had a conference with me," said Wills; "and that you told me to my face that I should be defeated on the morrow."

"I told you the truth, general, however disagreeable it may be to hear it," said Dorothy.

"Well, time will show," rejoined Wills; "but I rather think that before to-morrow night General Forster will have surrendered, and in that event the Earl of Der-

wentwater will be given up as a hostage."

Just then a horseman, who proved to be Sir Henry Hoghton, rode up, having with him a lady on horseback.

"I am glad I have found you, general," said Sir Henry. "This lady has something important to communicate to you."

"Pray come this way, madam," said Wills, taking the lady aside.

Thereupon, a whispered conversation took place between them.

"I know that voice," observed the countess to Dorothy. "But surely it cannot be——"

"It *is* Mrs. Scarisbrick," was the reply in a low tone. "I always thought she played my brother false. Now we have positive proof of it. She has come to give information respecting the state of the town."

Dorothy was quite right in the conjecture.

When the conference between Wills and Mrs. Scarisbrick was ended, and the lady found that the countess and Dorothy were close at hand, she became very uneasy, and begged General Wills to set them free.

"If they go back, I cannot," she observed. "They will tell General Forster they have seen me here, and what explanation can I give him?"

"It matters little now what explanation is given," replied Wills. "But you shall not be exposed to any annoyance. You must be on the spot. To-morrow, you are certain to have important information to give me."

"I will not fail," she replied.

General Wills then called to Sir Henry, and after consigning Mrs. Scarisbrick to

his care turned to Parson Woods, who was waiting for final orders, and said :

"I have altered my plans, parson. Take Lady Derwentwater and Miss Forster with their attendants across the river, and then set them free."

"It shall be done, general," replied Woods, with a military salute. "Be pleased to follow me, ladies."

He was not quite so civil to Father Norham and Newbiggin.

"I hope we are not liberated at that lady's request," said the countess. "I would not willingly be under any obligation to her."

"You need not be uneasy," said Wills. "You are under no obligation to any one but me. Good-night, ladies. I wish you a safe journey to Dilston. When I tell you that General Carpenter will be here with two

thousand men to-morrow, you may be glad to be out of the way."

He rode off, while the ladies and their companions were taken across the ford by Parson Woods, and then liberated.

XI.

AN UNLUCKY SHOT.

After their unsuccessful attempt to cross the ford, Charles Radclyffe and Captain Douglas did not return to the town, but concealed themselves among some trees till they had ascertained that the countess and Dorothy were to be liberated. They then went back tolerably well satisfied with the issue of the adventure.

As they were riding slowly up the lane leading to the Fishergate avenue, they

caught the sound of horses' feet behind them, and stopped to listen.

It was so dark that nothing could be seen distinctly, but they heard voices, and Captain Douglas drew a pistol and called out, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied a voice.

"To whom?" demanded Douglas. "To King James, or King George."

"I am no rebel," replied the person who had spoken. "But it seems you are, and I am therefore bound to make you a prisoner. It will be useless to resist, for I have a dozen men with me."

"I would not yield if you had twice the number," rejoined Douglas. "Advance a step further, and I will shoot you."

"Let him go, Sir Henry," cried a female voice.

"'Tis Sir Henry Hoghton," said Charles Radclyffe.

"So it seems," said Douglas. "Come, Sir Henry," he cried. "'Tis for you to yield—not me."

"This is my answer," replied Sir Henry, firing at him, but without effect.

"And this my rejoinder," cried Douglas, firing in his turn.

A shriek followed.

"What have I done?" cried Douglas.

"Wounded a lady," replied Sir Henry. "Are you much hurt, madam?" he asked.

"Mortally, I fear," she replied, in a faint voice. "Support me, or I shall fall from my horse."

"'Tis Mrs. Scarisbrick!" cried Charles Radclyffe.

"It is," rejoined Sir Henry. "This is a most unlucky accident. But there must be a truce between us," he added, ordering back his men, who were preparing to advance.

"What would you have us do?" asked Charles Radclyffe.

"Bid them take me to the town," said Mrs. Scarisbrick, faintly. "Let me not die here."

She was then placed on the saddle before Captain Douglas, who rode on as fast as he could under such distressing circumstances.

Long ere he reached the barrier Douglas thought his burden felt inanimate, but when she was lifted down, and a light fell upon her pallid face, it was found she was quite dead.

End of Book the Eighth

Book the Ninth.

THE SURRENDER.

I.

HOW A PARTY OF DRAGOONS WAS ROUTED BY CAPTAIN GORDON.

As soon as it began to grow light next morning, Captain Gordon mounted the church-tower to survey the town.

All seemed quiet—besieged and defenders. The Highlanders were still lying stretched on their plaids near the barricade; but the greater part of the troops, who did not possess the hardihood of the Scots, had quitted the churchyard, and sought shelter in some of the adjacent houses.

No signs of movement were visible in the two large houses in possession of the enemy; but the sentinels were at their posts, and no doubt the men could be summoned instantly to arms.

The street presented a ghastly sight—the dead not having been removed, and the ground being covered with blood.

Turning from this painful spectacle he surveyed the fields outside the town, but could not perceive that any change had been made in the disposition of the enemy.

A mist arose from the marshy ground in the neighbourhood of the river, and partially concealed the militia stationed near the bridge, but the two squadrons of Pitt's dragoons could be distinguished in the fields.

Whatever might be the design of the enemy, it seemed to Captain Gordon that no immediate attack was intended.

But while he continued his survey, and carefully reconnoitred the outskirts of the town, he perceived some dismounted dragoons creeping along the Wigan lane towards the town.

Watching them carefully for a few minutes, during which it got lighter, he found their numbers increase, and became convinced that they were the head of a large party.

He therefore quickly descended from the tower, and gave the alarm to Brigadier Mackintosh, whom he found at his post, and who ordered him to proceed at once to the Fishergate barrier—the only outlet not blocked up—and take a troop of horse and attack them.

Captain Gordon instantly obeyed—nor was he detained at the barrier in question.

Fifty stout Borderers, who were sleeping beside their steeds, bridle in hand, were

quickly in the saddle. A horse was found for him, and the party sallied forth.

The Wigan lane was about a quarter of a mile off, and to reach it they had to cross the field on the south side of the town. They got there just as the dragoons had quitted the lane, but had not formed, and immediately charged them—throwing them into confusion by the suddenness of the attack.

The conflict only lasted for a few minutes, and ended in the complete rout of the dragoons, several of whom were killed, including the captain. Very little loss was sustained by the insurgents.

Quite surprised with what he had done, and fearing his retreat might be cut off if he attempted pursuit, Captain Gordon galloped back as hard as he could to the Fishergate avenue.

He was only just in time. The encounter

had been witnessed by the two squadrons of Pitt's dragoons stationed near the river, and they both endeavoured to intercept him, but he and the Borderers were safe behind the barriers before either could come up.

Captain Gordon gained great credit by this achievement, which was one of the last performed by the insurgents.

II.

MEETING OF CARPENTER AND WILLS.

PREPARATIONS were made by the insurgent leaders at all the barricades for a renewal of hostilities, and Brigadier Mackintosh had just given orders to Tom Syddall to commence the demolition of the two large houses in Church-street, when word was brought that a very large force, consisting of more than two thousand horse, could be seen approaching from the north.

No doubt could be entertained that this force belonged to General Carpenter, who must have made an early march from Clitheroe in order to effect a junction with Wills before the attack was resumed.

All was now consternation among the besieged, who felt that some immediate step must be taken, or they would be shut in.

Colonel Mackintosh proposed to sally forth with his men, and consulted the brigadier, who dissuaded him from the attempt, declaring it impracticable.

As usual, General Forster was completely undecided.

Half an hour later, General Carpenter arrived, and took up a position on the north side of the town. He was accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lumley, and rode at the head of Churchill's, Molesworth's, and Cobham's dragoons.

With these were several regiments of horse, making a total of two thousand five hundred men.

No wonder such an accession of force should have utterly extinguished the hopes of the insurgents.

Immediately on his arrival, General Carpenter rode up an eminence, and was looking at the Windmill barricade, when a shot fired from the cannon planted on that barrier fell very near him, and caused him to shift his position.

While he was giving some directions to Colonel Churchill, General Wills rode up, attended by Colonel Pitt, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing him.

"In resigning the command of the force to you, general," he said, "I hope you will approve of the manner in which I have conducted the operations of the siege. Even if I had not had the advantage of

your assistance, I doubt not that I should have been able to conclude the affair to-day. The rebels, I am bound to say, have fought very bravely, and have made a very gallant defence, especially the Highlanders; but I have determined, at any cost, to take the barricade commanded by Brigadier Mackintosh, and then they must surrender."

"You have done very well, general," replied Carpenter. "Nothing could be better. Retain your command. I will not deprive you of the victory you have so nearly achieved."

"I thank you, general, and am proud to receive your commendation," replied Wills. "But I bow to your experience, and any suggestions you may offer shall be immediately adopted. Before the decisive attack is made, I should wish you to survey the town."

"I propose to do so," replied Carpenter.

Having posted six squadrons of dragoons under the command of Colonel Churchill to prevent any attempt at flight from the Windmill barricade, General Carpenter rode down towards the south side of the town with Wills.

They were attended by a strong guard, and accompanied by the two noblemen previously mentioned. On the way they met Sir Henry Hoghton with a party of militia, and while General Carpenter was conversing with Sir Henry, Parson Woods and a dozen of his men came up from the ford, with some fugitive insurgents, whom they had just captured.

Learning from Woods that constant escapes were taking place from the Fishergate avenue, General Carpenter gave orders that the outlet should be effectually blocked up without delay, so as not only to check

any further flight, but prevent supplies of provisions from being brought in.

Finding that the entrance to the Churchgate avenue was inconveniently crowded so that the troops could not act, Carpenter made a different disposition of the troops; and deeming it probable that a most determined attempt at escape might be made from the north of the town, he caused this outlet to be still more strongly guarded.

When all these orders had been executed, and every outlet was blocked up, the two generals divided their forces, and completely surrounded the town.

III.

GENERAL FORSTER WISHES TO CAPITULATE.

From his post on the church-tower, Captain Gordon had witnessed these proceedings and reported them to Brigadier Mackintosh.

Though not disheartened, the brave old Highlander felt that the situation was one of the utmost peril, and could perceive only one way of extricating himself from it, but this he was unwilling to adopt, unless joined by his English allies, and he

felt sure that Forster had not resolution enough for such a course of action.

His men, however, could hardly be restrained. No sooner did they discover that they were pent up in the town, than they wished to sally forth, sword in hand, and cut their way through the enemy.

The brigadier told them it was too soon —that they must wait till night—and if nothing happened in the interim, he would lead them forth.

Colonel Mackintosh's men were equally impatient, and though they saw the squadrons of dragoons posted near the Lancaster avenue, they would have attempted to cut a passage through them, if allowed.

Meanwhile a conference took place at the Mitre between General Forster, the Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, and Colonel Oxburgh.

As it was now evident that the town was

completely blocked up, and could not hold out long, it was necessary that some terms of surrender should immediately be made.

Lord Derwentwater recommended that a council of war should be called at once, at which all the Scottish leaders should assist, but Forster would not accede to the proposition.

"If Mackintosh and the rest are consulted, we shall never be able to make good terms with Carpenter and Wills," said Forster. "Let them treat for themselves."

"But it will not be fair to treat without them," observed the earl.

"Nothing whatever will be done, if Mackintosh is consulted," said Lord Widdrington. "Our estates I fear will be confiscated, but we must make an effort to save our lives."

"I fear the attempt will be useless," said Lord Derwentwater. "And I would die rather than do aught dishonourable."

"There is nothing dishonourable in what I propose," said Forster; "but I feel certain the Scots will never consent to a surrender."

"Yes, they would consider themselves degraded by such submission," said Lord Derwentwater.

"If they choose to throw away their lives they must do so," said Lord Widdrington. "But do not let us act thus rashly."

"I am acquainted with General Wills," said Colonel Oxburgh, "and if you desire it, I will propose a treaty to him. Rest assured, I will assent to no disgraceful terms."

Lord Derwentwater was still very unwil-

ling that the step should be taken without consulting Brigadier Mackintosh, but he yielded at last to the representations of Lord Widdrington and Forster.

IV.

COLONEL OXBURGH PROPOSES TERMS OF SURRENDER TO WILLS.

About half an hour later, Colonel Oxburgh, preceded by a trumpeter on horseback, rode out of the Fishergate.

He was immediately stopped by the guard, but on explaining his errand, was conducted by a sergeant and two dragoons to Wills's tent, which was about a quarter of a mile off.

General Wills was seated at a small table

in the centre of the tent, when Colonel Oxburgh was announced by a sentinel.

Wills raised his head, and looking at him very sternly, demanded his business.

"You will guess it without difficulty, I think, general," replied Oxburgh. "I am come to propose that the insurgent force shall lay down their arms in the confident expectation that you will recommend them for pardon to the king."

"Entertain no such expectation, sir," rejoined Wills, still more sternly. "I will not treat with rebels. Those for whom you plead have killed many of the king's subjects, and deserve death."

"But since they are willing to submit, general, I hope that consideration may be shown them," said Oxburgh.

"Expect none from me, sir," rejoined Wills, harshly. "Clemency is thrown away on rebels. Go back to those who sent you.

Tell them, if they lay down their arms, and submit themselves prisoners at discretion, I will prevent my soldiers from cutting them to pieces, and spare their lives till his majesty's pleasure is known. That is all I will promise."

"Do you require an immediate decision, general?"

"I will give you an hour—no more," replied Wills.

"I am greatly disappointed, general," said Colonel Oxburgh. "I expected very different terms from you."

"I have already told you that I will make no terms with rebels such as you," rejoined Wills. "If you are not satisfied, return to the town, and an hour hence—to the minute—I will attack you, and put you to the sword."

"Do you mean me to understand, e-neral," said Oxburgh, looking at him

steadfastly, "that King George will show us no mercy?"

"I do not say that," replied Wills. "Nor do I hold out any promise. Your best chance of obtaining mercy is by surrendering yourselves prisoners at discretion."

Finding nothing more could be obtained, Colonel Oxburgh departed.

V.

CAPTAIN DALZIEL HAS A CONFERENCE WITH WILLS.

INQUIRING glances were thrown at the envoy as he rode through the Fishergate barricade, but he went on till he was stopped by Brigadier Mackintosh, who said to him in a fierce voice:

"What means this cessation of arms? Why have you quitted the town? You have been sent by Forster to propose a treaty for capitulation—and without privity or concurrence of the Scots."

"General Forster has betrayed us—has sold us!" cried several Highlanders. "We will shoot him."

"No treaty has been agreed upon," cried Oxburgh in a loud voice, so that all might hear. "I have seen General Wills, who demands an unconditional surrender from all—Scotsmen as well as Englishmen. An hour is granted for consideration—but a fourth part of the time has already expired," he added, consulting his watch.

"What say you, my men?" cried Mackintosh. "Will you surrender?"

"Never!" they cried. "We will die sword in hand."

"I warn you that no quarter will be given," said Oxburgh.

"We will neither give nor take quarter," cried the Highlanders. "We will show the Southrons how brave men can die."

"Then I am to understand, brigadier,

that you utterly refuse the terms?" said Oxburgh.

"Utterly!" replied Mackintosh.

Just then General Forster was seen coming along on horseback, accompanied by the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Widdrington.

Fearing some mischief might happen in the present infuriated state of the Highlanders, Oxburgh signed to the general to go back, and the brigadier also called to his men energetically to keep quiet, but despite the interdiction, several shots were fired.

Fortunately Forster escaped, but he would not expose himself further. Turning round, he galloped back towards the market-place, followed more deliberately by the two noblemen.

Immediately afterwards, the Earl of Nithsdale, the Earl of Wintoun, the Earl of

Carnwath, and his brother Captain Dalziel, rode up to the spot, and stopping Colonel Oxburgh, who was about to depart, demanded an explanation.

"We have been betrayed by Forster—that is all that can be told," cried Mackintosh, scornfully.

"General Forster is no traitor, my lords," said Oxburgh, firmly. "I have just seen Wills, who refuses to make any treaty with us, and insists that we shall lay down our arms. Our answer must be given within an hour, and but little of it now remains."

"We have had no time for deliberation," said Lord Carnwath.

"Perchance, if you go to General Wills in person, my lords, you may obtain some further respite," said Oxburgh. "I can obtain nothing."

"Shall I go as representative of the Scottish forces?" said Captain Dalziel.

"Go at once, or it will be too late. You have not many minutes left," said Oxburgh.

"Do you agree to the step, brigadier?" asked Captain Dalziel.

"Act as those desire who have more to lose than I have," said Mackintosh.

"Then go," cried the three Scottish nobles.

Thereupon, Captain Dalziel rode forth, and preceded by the same trumpeter who had attended Colonel Oxburgh, made all haste to General Wills's tent.

A conference was granted him.

"Are you aware of the terms I have offered to Colonel Oxburgh?" said Wills. "They apply to the whole rebel army—English and Scots. I can make no distinction."

"But the Scottish chiefs, whom I represent, request some further time—say till seven o'clock to-morrow morning—to consult as to the best mode of delivering up our forces. It will not be an easy matter."

"If you find it difficult, leave it to me," said Wills, with a stern smile. "I cannot grant the delay you request without consulting General Carpenter—but you shall hear from me."

And with a haughty bow he dismissed him.

VI.

HOW FORSTER LEARNT THAT HE HAD BEEN BETRAYED.

AFTER riding away from the exasperated Highlanders, Forster alighted at the town-hall, and meeting Charles Radclyffe and Captain Shaftoe told them what had happened.

"I believe Brigadier Mackintosh has ordered his Highlanders to shoot me," he said. "My life will not be safe."

"Do not think it, general," rejoined Charles Radclyffe. "The brigadier is in-

capable of such an act. But you had better not expose yourself while the negotiation for the surrender is going on."

"I shall take care not to do so," he replied. "I shall remain here for an hour. I want to see Mrs. Scarisbrick."

"Mrs. Scarisbrick!" exclaimed Charles Radclyffe. "Have you not heard?"

"Heard what?" exclaimed Forster, looking at him in surprise. "I have heard nothing. I have not seen her this morning. I expected to find her here."

"She is here," said Charles Radclyffe. "But I cannot explain. Come with me, and you shall know all."

Not without a strange misgiving did Forster follow him along a passage on the ground floor, at a door in which an elderly female was stationed.

"Here you will find her," said Charles Radclyffe, in a strangely significant tone.

"Impossible!" cried Forster.

"Yes, general, she is here," remarked the old woman, opening the door. "She has not been disturbed."

The room was darkened, but there was light enough to discern a very startling object.

It was the dead body of a very beautiful woman lying extended upon a couch.

Her habiliments were those in which she had died, and her profuse golden tresses were unbound, and scattered over her bosom where she had received the deadly hurt.

Giving utterance to a cry, Forster rushed forward, and seizing her hand pressed it to his lips.

"This completes my misery," he cried. "In losing her I have lost all that was dear to me, and I care not how soon I follow."

"She deserved her fate," said Charles

Radclyffe. "She betrayed you and us to the enemy. She was accidentally shot last night, while returning from a secret visit to General Wills. I brought her here myself. I found letters upon her which prove her guilt. I intended to conceal this catastrophe from you—but it is better you should know it."

"You affirm the truth of what you have just stated?" demanded Forster.

"In every particular," rejoined Charles Radclyffe. "You were completely duped by her."

Forster dropped the hand he had hitherto held, and without a word quitted the room.

VII.

COLONEL COTTON.

In the afternoon of the same day, General Forster, Lord Derwentwater, Brigadier Mackintosh, and all the rebel lords and leaders were assembled at the Mitre, engaged in a very angry discussion, when a chamade beaten at the door, produced a sudden quietude, and a tall, fine-looking officer in the accoutrements of the king's dragoons came into the room, being announced by the sentinel as Colonel Cotton.

All bowed as he advanced towards the centre of the room, when looking round, he said courteously:

"You will guess my errand, my lords and gentlemen. I am sent by General Wills to receive your positive answer to his proposition."

"We are unable to send a precise answer to General Wills," said the Earl of Derwentwater, "because the Scots are unwilling to capitulate. Brigadier Mackintosh and the Scottish nobles will tell you that this is the case."

"My men absolutely refuse to lay down their arms," said the brigadier, "and it is the same with the Clan Chattan, commanded by my kinsman, Colonel Mackintosh."

"Perhaps, by to-morrow morning, we may bring them to reason," said Lord Kenmure. "Just now, it is impossible."

"I will report what you tell me to General Wills," said Cotton.

As he was about to depart, word was brought that the drummer had been shot while beating a chamade before a house, whence firing had taken place subsequent to the cessation of arms.

This unlucky incident seemed likely to put an end to the negotiation, but it was counterbalanced by another great provocation to the rebels, which they were disposed to resent.

Half a dozen insurgents, led by Cornet Shuttleworth, had managed to reach the ford at Penwortham, when they were attacked, and in consequence of their resistance, put to death.

After these events had been referred to, Colonel Cotton addressed the English and Scottish lords and chiefs, and said, in order

to prevent further bloodshed, he would agree—in General Wills's name—to grant the time required, provided they pledged their word that no new works should be thrown up, and no further attempt be made to escape.

Promises to this effect being given, Colonel Cotton departed.

VIII.

HOSTAGES REQUIRED.

General Wills, however, did not appear satisfied with what had been done.

About an hour later, Colonel Churchill and Colonel Nassau entered the town, and on the part of Generals Carpenter and Wills, declared that an English and a Scottish nobleman must be delivered up as hostages for the due fulfilment of the conditions.

"We require the Earl of Derwentwater

on the part of the English, and Lord Kenmure on that of the Scots," said Colonel Churchill.

"Why not take General Forster?" asked Captain Dalziel.

"We prefer Lord Derwentwater or Lord Widdrington," replied Churchill, with a singular smile.

"I must tell you frankly, colonel," said Dalziel, "that in the opinion of the Scots, General Forster has made an arrangement for himself through Colonel Oxburgh with General Wills. It has clearly been ascertained that a lady of great personal beauty, who had extraordinary influence over General Forster, gave secret information to General Wills. Last night she was accidentally shot while returning from a visit —it is supposed—to your camp. Now, when we find that a proposal for surrender is made by General Forster without con-

sulting us—and that when a hostage is required, it is not Forster, but Lord Derwentwater who is selected, can you wonder we believe we are betrayed? Here is a general who refuses to march or fight—who declares the enemy is at a distance when he proves to be close at hand—who has intimate relations with a lady, who acts as a spy—and who proposes to surrender, and makes terms for himself, while we desire to continue the contest—can we doubt that he is a traitor?"

"You do not expect us to sympathise with you because you have an incompetent leader?" said Colonel Churchill.

"Incapacity is one thing — treachery another, colonel," said Captain Dalziel. "We Scots all believe Forster has played us false. I do not think his life is secure. Take him with you. He will be safer with you than with us."

"My orders are explicit," said Churchill. "I must bring either of the English lords I have mentioned, and Lord Kenmure."

"Lord Kenmure will not come out," said Dalziel. "Nor will my brother, Lord Carnwath—or any other Scottish noble."

"Then Brigadier Mackintosh must come with me," said Churchill.

"The brigadier is gone to bed, greatly fatigued," replied Dalziel.

"I regard that as a mere excuse," said Churchill, gravely. "I begin to think the treaty will fall to the ground. For the sake of the garrison, I hope not. If the attack is recommenced, none will be spared."

Just then the Earl of Derwentwater and Colonel Mackintosh alighted at the door of the inn, and were announced by the sentinel. Both saluted Colonel Churchill.

"Colonel Mackintosh and myself are

come to offer ourselves as hostages if required," said the earl. "We do not desire that any needless difficulties should be raised, and are therefore ready to accompany you."

"I surrender myself with his lordship," said Colonel Mackintosh.

"I should be sorry if the treaty were sacrificed," said Churchill; "and am therefore obliged to your lordship and Colonel Mackintosh for the humane step you have taken. You have saved the garrison."

"Had not General Forster been our leader, the garrison would never have been in this strait," said Colonel Mackintosh. "We might have been overcome, but we would not have died without inflicting some loss on our assailants."

"'Tis better as it is," said Churchill. "I have to receive the paroles of honour

of certain gentlemen that they will perform their promises, and then I will conduct you to General Wills."

"We will ride on to the Fishergate outlet and await you there," said Lord Derwentwater. "We care not to parade ourselves as prisoners."

Colonel Churchill signified his assent, and the party separated.

IX.

IN WHAT MANNER THE HOSTAGES WERE RECEIVED BY GENERAL WILLS.

General Carpenter was not present when the Earl of Derwentwater and Colonel Mackintosh were brought as hostages to Wills, but Brigadier Munden, Colonels Pitt, Wynn, and Stanhope were with him at the time.

The severe commander received the hostages very haughtily, and knitted his dark brows as he regarded them.

Lord Derwentwater comported himself

with great dignity, but Colonel Mackintosh could scarcely restrain his anger, especially when Wills asked:

"Why have we not a Scotch nobleman? I required Lord Nithsdale or Lord Kenmure."

"They declined to come, general," replied Churchill.

"Methinks, the chief of the Clan Chattan might suffice," said Mackintosh. "Had I refused to surrender not a Highlander would have laid down his arms."

"And not one would have escaped," rejoined Wills. "If you think you can stand against the king's troops go back to the town, and I will immediately attack you."

"If I take you at your word, I presume you will give General Forster a safe-conduct?" rejoined Mackintosh.

Wills looked fiercely at him, but made no response.

"If Colonel Mackintosh returns, I shall return, general," said Lord Derwentwater, "and then the truce will be at an end. Attack us when you please, we shall be prepared for you."

"Is this your decision, my lord," cried Mackintosh, joyfully. "I am glad of it."

"Hold!" exclaimed Wills, who did not desire that matters should take this turn. "Since the arrangement is partly concluded, I will not disturb it. By to-morrow these feelings of irritation will have calmed down, and then you will see that I have granted all I could."

"Nothing has been granted," said Colonel Mackintosh. "We shall be worse off to-morrow than we are to-day. Come with me my lord. Let us die together at Preston."

"You cannot depart," said Wills, authoritatively. "To-morrow you may have an

opportunity of proving your bravery. To-night you must remain here. Let them be taken to their quarters, colonel," he added to Churchill. "I am sorry I cannot offer you better accommodation."

"Make no apologies, general," said Lord Derwentwater, haughtily. "We know with whom we have to deal."

They were then taken to a farm-house, where Parson Woods and his men were quartered, and where very inconvenient lodgings were found for them.

X.

BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH DISSUADES THE EARL OF WINTOUN FROM SALLYING FORTH.

No sooner did it become known that a capitulation had been agreed on than Lord Wintoun went to Brigadier Mackintosh, who so far from having retired to rest, was greatly on the alert, and entreated him to allow a strong body of his Highlanders to line the hedges on the Lancaster avenue, while he made a determined attempt at escape.

"I shall be accompanied by Major Nairn,

Captain Philip Lockhart, Captain Shaftoe, and a dozen others, and we will either effect an escape or sell our lives dearly."

"It is too late," replied the brigadier. "My Highlanders could render you little assistance. The Lancaster avenue is now guarded by six squadrons of dragoons in addition to the former guard, so that you will infallibly be cut to pieces. Besides, hostages have been given, and that alone ought to deter you from making the attempt."

"Then we must remain tamely here?" said Lord Wintoun.

"There is no help for it, my lord," replied the brigadier. "If I had had my own way, things should never have come to this pass. We ought to have cut our way out before the arrival of General Carpenter."

"Have we any chance of escape now, think you?" asked Lord Wintoun.

"Very little, I fear," replied the brigadier. "But we must be prepared to take advantage of any unforeseen circumstances to-morrow. It is not likely that any will occur—but it may be!"

XI.

THE TERMS OF THE TREATY ARE ACCEPTED.

A DISMAL day dawned on Preston.

The inhabitants had heard of the capitulation, but did not feel sure it would be carried out—many of the more timid being apprehensive that the town would still be the scene of a most sanguinary conflict.

In the opinion of these persons the Highlanders would not submit, but would make a most desperate attempt to sally forth, which would end in their extermination.

The English insurgents had made up

their minds to surrender, and seemed hardly able to realise the position in which they were placed, for most of them displayed unaccountable indifference.

Perhaps, they persuaded themselves that clemency would be shown them. If so, they were mistaken. The town-hall was crowded with ladies who had passed the night there, and did not mean to quit the asylum till all was settled.

Once more, and for the last time, Captain Gordon ascended the church-tower at break of day, and looked around.

The besiegers had drawn so much nearer to the town, that they seemed now quite close at hand.

The militia had likewise quitted their position on the south bank of the Ribble, and stationed themselves near the upper end of the Wigan road.

In fact, the town was completely in-

vested, and Captain Gordon saw at a glance that it would be impossible to break through such a cordon.

In the Churchgate and Fishergate the barricades were undisturbed, but no preparations were made for the renewal of the fight.

Brigadier Mackintosh was no longer at his post, and most of the Highlanders had retired to the houses, anxious to snatch a few hours' rest, and certain they would be summoned when required.

No sound of bagpipes was heard.

The neglected batteries, deserted streets, and dejected air of such troopers as could be seen, offered a marked contrast to the formidable appearance of the besiegers. Captain Gordon felt that the contest was over, and desired to see no more.

Later on, all the English and Scottish leaders, with the exception of the two who

had surrendered themselves as hostages, assembled at the Mitre, when it was finally agreed that the terms of the treaty should be accepted.

"My men are willing to submit," said Mackintosh. "But they look upon themselves as sacrificed. Bitterly do I now reproach myself that I ever brought them to England against their will, and that I did not turn back at Lancaster. They might have helped the Earl of Mar to win a battle. Poor fellows! they will now be transported and sold as slaves. My heart bleeds for them."

"We Scots have all cause to regret that we ever crossed the Border," said Lord Kenmure. "But we have done our best for King James, and if we had been supported, we might have succeeded. We have had a High Tory general, yet not one of the party has joined us."

"No one can have been more disappointed than myself," said Forster. "If we had only reached Manchester——"

"Why did we not reach that town? tell us that," cried Brigadier Mackintosh.

"I admit we ought not to have stayed so long in Preston," said Forster. "But you all seemed unwilling to quit your quarters, and I apprehended no danger."

"'Tis idle to regret the past," said Lord Widdrington; "you have complained of the absence of the High Church Tories, my lord," he added, to Lord Kenmure. "But you cannot say that the Roman Catholics have failed you."

"No, they have proved our staunchest friends," replied Lord Kenmure. "And a braver and a better commander cannot be found than Lord Derwentwater."

"In that we all agree," said Lord Nithsdale and the other Scottish nobles.

"The hour at which the armistice expires is close at hand," said Forster, "and we must therefore prepare to conclude this painful business properly. We will remain here, but all the officers—English and Scotch—must forthwith assemble within the churchyard to deliver up their arms. Let immediate orders be given to that effect," he added to Charles Radclyffe and Captain Dalziel, who at once departed on the errand.

XII.

THE INSURGENT OFFICERS DELIVER UP THEIR SWORDS.

SHORTLY afterwards, in obedience to Forster's orders, all the officers of the insurgent force assembled in the churchyard, and though they endeavoured to assume a careless air many of them looked very downcast. Among them were all those who had recently joined at Lancaster and Preston, and received the rank of captain—Mr. Townley, of Townley, Sir Francis An-

derton, Ralph Standish, Gabriel Hesketh, John Tyldesley, John Dalton, and several others.

They had had but a short campaign, and might now have to pay for their devotion with their lives. However, they bore themselves bravely under the distressing circumstances. The annoyance of the ceremonial was heightened by its publicity.

A large concourse was collected in the churchyard, and among the spectators were a great number of the fair sex who flocked thither to manifest their sympathy with their lovers. They expressed their grief in the liveliest manner. Dryope was there, and Captain Shaftoe had some difficulty in inducing her to stand back. But she remained at a short distance gazing at him through her tears. The appearance of these fair damsels, who formed the foremost rank

of the spectators, gave a curious character to the scene.

Precisely at the appointed hour, Lord Forrester, preceded by a trumpet and a drum, and attended by a guard, entered the town, and rode to the churchyard.

Alighting at the gate, and followed by a couple of men, he marched up to the rebel officers.

Lord Forrester was a tall, fine-looking man, well suited to the office, which he performed with courtesy.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing them, "I have a very painful duty to discharge. I have to receive the arms of brave and honourable men, which ought to have been used for their king."

To this Colonel Oxburgh, who stood next him, replied as he delivered up his sword:

"Our arms have been used, my lord, for our rightful sovereign and against a usurper."

Lord Forrester made no remark but consigned the sword to the custody of one of his men, and passed on.

He had received more than twenty swords, when he came to Captain Shaftoe, and as there seemed to be some hesitation on Shaftoe's part, he said:

"Your sword, sir?"

"Take it," cried Shaftoe.

And plucking the blade from the sheath, he broke it, and flung the pieces at Lord Forrester's feet.

On this there were shouts of applause from the female spectators.

"I suppose it was to win that applause that this foolish act was done, Captain Shaftoe," observed Lord Forrester. "You

have broken the treaty, and have rendered yourself liable to the punishment of death."

As these words were uttered, Dryope and three or four of the fair spectators rushed forward, and threw themselves at Lord Forrester's feet, exclaiming:

"Spare him! spare him!"

"Rise, ladies!" said Lord Forrester. "I am not about to order Captain Shaftoe's immediate execution. I am sorry so great a favourite of your sex should refuse to submit—but no doubt you can bring him to reason. I leave him in your hands."

With this, he passed on to Sir Francis Anderton and Mr. Townley, who were next, and received their swords.

"Ah! gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to find you here. Had you remained quiet for a few days you would have escaped this disaster. You should have followed the

example of the cautious High Church Tories!"

"We have done what seems right to us, my lord," said Mr. Townley, haughtily, "and are prepared for the consequences."

The last sword received by Lord Forrester was that of Captain Wogan, who said to him:

"Your looks reproach me, my lord, but I do not reproach myself. If I had had fifty swords, they should all have been devoted to King James."

With a military salute to the unfortunate officers, Lord Forrester then quitted the churchyard, followed by his men, bearing two large bundles of swords, and proceeded to the Mitre, there to go through a like ceremony with General Forster and the lords.

XIII.

HOW BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH PARTED WITH HIS CLAYMORE.

By this time, Lord Derwentwater and Colonel Mackintosh had returned, but were merely spectators of the scene—their swords having been delivered up at the time of their surrender.

The Scottish nobles behaved with great dignity, and were treated with the utmost respect by Lord Forrester, who made no remark calculated to give them pain.

For the first time in his life, Brigadier Mackintosh's courage forsook him.

Kissing the hilt of his claymore, as he gave up the weapon, he said in broken accents:

"Farewell, old friend! I never thought to part with you, save with life!"

The ceremony was soon over, for Lord Forrester did not needlessly prolong it. Before departing, he said, addressing the assemblage:

"An hour hence, General Carpenter will enter the town to receive his prisoners. By that time, the entire rebel force must be drawn up in the market-place to surrender arms. None must be absent, on any pretence whatever, and on pain of severe punishment. For the execution of this order, I look to you, General Forster, to you, my Lord Derwentwater, to you, my Lord Widdrington, to you my lords," turning to the

Scottish nobles, "to you, brigadier, and to you, Colonel Mackintosh."

"My lord," remonstrated the brigadier, "an hour is but a short time to bring together a number of unruly Highlanders——"

"It must suffice," interrupted Lord Forrester. "You could get them ready for action in that time."

"True, my lord," replied the brigadier. "But a surrender is different. They will have to be driven to the place."

"Colonel Mackintosh, I trust you see no difficulty?" said Lord Forrester, turning to the chief.

"None, my lord," was the reply. "My clansmen will die with me, if I bid them."

"In an hour, then," said Forrester as he quitted the room.

Mounting his horse, and attended by the

guard, bearing the arms, he galloped off to General Carpenter's quarters.

"What has been done?" asked Carpenter.

"The business is settled," replied Lord Forrester. "An hour hence the entire rebel force will surrender in the market-place."

XIV.

THE TWO GENERALS ENTER THE TOWN.

Amid the sound of trumpets and drums, General Carpenter entered the conquered town at the head of two regiments of dragoons. He was accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lumley, and had with him Colonels Churchill and Molesworth, and a brilliant staff of officers.

As he rode slowly along Church-street, by which avenue he made his entrance, he

looked with some curiosity at the blackened remains of the houses, and other evidences of the fight. For a few minutes he halted on the spot where the barricade had been reared, and explained what had been done to the noblemen with him, giving Brigadier Mackintosh full credit for his plan of defence.

"The barriers could not have been better placed," he said; "and though the town must have succumbed to Wills, it might have held out for another day—perhaps till now."

With these remarks, with which Churchill and Molesworth entirely concurred, he proceeded towards the market-place, noticing everything as he rode on.

Meanwhile, martial strains resounding at the north side of the town, announced the entrance of General Wills and four

regiments of dragoons by the Lancaster avenue.

Wills was attended by Brigadiers Pitt and Dormer, and, like General Carpenter, had a staff of officers with him. He had not the curiosity to look around, and scarcely troubled himself to consider where the Windmill barricade had been situated.

In addition to the dragoons, just mentioned, three regiments of foot, commanded by Lord Forrester, Captain Sabine, and Captain Fane, entered by the Fishergate avenue, and proceeded towards the market-place.

Notwithstanding this imposing military display, very few persons were to be seen in the streets, and but few shouts welcomed the victors.

In the market-place, a very striking, but very sad spectacle was to be seen, and this

attracted all the townsfolk who could find access thither.

Here, as enjoined by the conquerors, all the insurgent troops were drawn up preparatory to a general surrender.

Yes! they were all there—with the exception of General Forster. Lord Derwentwater's troop, commanded by Charles Radclyffe and Captain Shaftoe, and comprising all the handsome young gentlemen, of whom so much has been said—Lord Widdrington's troop, commanded by Captain Errington and Captain Gascoigne—the moss-troopers and Borderers, commanded by Captain Douglas and Hunter, and the troop commanded by the brave Wogan.

Here also were the five troops of South Country Scots, respectively commanded by Lord Kenmure, the Honourable James Hume, Lord Wintoun, Lord Carnwath, and Captain Lockhart.

Here, also, were the whole of the Highlanders, with Brigadier Mackintosh, and his kinsman, Colonel Mackintosh, at their head.

We have said that General Forster was absent. He excused himself on the plea that his life was in danger from the Highlanders.

On this very spot, only a few days ago, all these troops had been assembled to proclaim King James. At that time they were confident of success. They felt certain of receiving large reinforcements, and believed they should be able to reach London without interruption. And, perhaps, they might. But the delay at Preston proved fatal. Caught in a snare, they had allowed their enemies to check them—to overtake them.

The most painful reflection that forced itself upon all the insurgent officers and gentlemen was that they were destroyed by

their own folly. Oh! that they had not yielded to the allurements of the fair sex, but had marched on resolutely!

As the ladies gazed at their lovers from the windows overlooking the place, they thought them woefully changed. Their gay galliard air was quite gone. Some appeared indifferent, but it was easy to be seen that their levity was assumed.

As soon as the two victorious generals arrived in the market-place, and had satisfied themselves that the whole of the rebel force was assembled, all the men were ordered to pile their arms, and this done the officers and gentlemen volunteers belonging to the Northumbrian force were secured, and removed to commodious houses, where they were strictly guarded, but allowed to see their fair friends, who quickly paid them a visit.

The noblemen and superior officers were

taken to the inns and various private houses; but the common soldiers and Highlanders were marched off to the church, which served as their prison during their stay in Preston.

Here they were allowed no better fare than bread and water, supplied to them at the expense of the town, and as they suffered frightfully from the cold, they tore the linings from the pews to afford themselves a scanty covering.

XV.

THE TOWN IS PLUNDERED BY THE SOLDIERY.

HAVING seen the prisoners disposed of, and given all necessary orders respecting them, the two generals, accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lumley, Sir Henry Hoghton, Brigadier Honeywood, Colonel Stanhope, and several others, entered the town-hall, where a cold collation was laid out for them.

To this repast Parson Woods, who had

been presented to General Carpenter, was invited, and received many compliments on his bravery.

The generals were still at table, when they were informed that a deputation of the inhabitants of the town was without, and prayed for an immediate audience.

Wills guessed their errand, and if left to himself, would have refused to see them. But General Carpenter caused half a dozen of the applicants to be admitted, and then found that their object was to prevent the town from being plundered by the soldiery.

"The pillage has already commenced," said one of the persons, who acted as spokesman, "and unless the men are restrained, all our goods will be carried off. As faithful subjects of his Majesty King George we ought to be protected. We could not prevent the occupation of the town by the

rebels, and it will be a great hardship if we suffer for their misdeeds."

"You must address yourselves to General Wills—not to me, gentlemen," said Carpenter. "He has had the conduct of the siege.'

"I cannot listen to the appeal," remarked Wills, sternly. "By the rules of war the men are entitled to the plunder of a captured town, and I shall not restrain them. You profess fidelity to the king, but you have afforded every assistance to the rebels, and if you have not actually taken part with them, you have furnished them with provisions and supplies."

"We were forced to do so, general," said the others. "And we earnestly beseech you to spare our property."

Wills, however, refused to listen to them, and they departed.

Thus was the ill-fated town delivered over to pillage.

Fortunately no excesses were committed by the soldiers, all license being forbidden on pain of death.

The plunderers commenced with the shops of the goldsmiths, silversmiths, and jewellers, where they expected to find the greatest quantity of valuables.

These shops were all shut up, but were quickly broken open, and stripped of their contents—plate, watches, rings, and chains being carried off.

From this booty alone the soldiers obtained several hundred pounds.

They next entered all the best private houses in Church-street and Fishergate, breaking open closets and chests, and abstracting all the plate and valuables they could find.

While one set of plunderers were thus

engaged, others were similarly employed in different parts of the town.

Everywhere the houses were ransacked, and no portable article was left behind.

Not till a late hour in the day, when they had carried off all they could, did the soldiers desist from the work.

Great was the indignation of the inhabitants at this treatment, but they did not dare to resist.

However, there were no cases of intoxication, for the men were prevented by the sergeants and corporals from breaking open the cellars.

But it was a woeful day for Preston, and such as its inhabitants never thought to experience. Wills's severity caused him to be held in universal detestation.

General Carpenter did not remain long in the town. Finding it inconveniently crowded, he set out for Wigan, immediately

after the surrender, with the regiments under his command.

None of his men, therefore, shared in the plunder—nor would he have allowed them to share in it.

XVI.

CAPTAIN SHAFTOE IS SHOT.

PRESTON might well be full. Without counting the Government troops, fifteen hundred and fifty prisoners of all ranks were detained within the town.

Some few escapes took place, and amongst those who got off was Tom Syddall. Unfortunately, he was afterwards captured.

After a few days' detention, General Forster, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Wid-

drington, Brigadier Mackintosh, the Scottish lords and chiefs, with the leading Northumbrian officers, were sent under a strong guard to Wigan on the way to London.

Other less important prisoners were sent to Lancaster, Chester, and Liverpool, and confined in the jails of those towns.

Six insurgent officers were detained at Preston, and subsequently tried by court-martial for desertion and taking up arms against the king.

These were Lord Charles Murray, Captain Dalziel, Major Nairn, Captain Philip Lockhart, Ensign Erskine, and Captain Shaftoe. The lives of the two first were spared, but the others were condemned to be shot next day.

As Captain Shaftoe was a great favourite in Preston, his sentence caused profound grief, and application was made for a reprieve, but General Wills refused to grant it

unless Shaftoe would acknowledge that he had been guilty of rebellion, and sue for mercy from King George.

Captain Shaftoe, however, absolutely refused, declaring he had simply done his duty, and would not renounce King James, even if a pardon were offered him.

Next morning, at an early hour, the rebel officers were taken by a party of foot soldiers to a field below the church. Among the spectators, were some young women, whose distressed condition touched the hearts of all who beheld them.

A few moments were spent by the rebel officers in preparation. After they had embraced, and bade each other farewell, Major Nairn came forward, and begged of the officer in command that his eyes might not be bandaged, and that he himself might give the order to the men to fire.

Neither request was accorded.

Not till he had laid Major Nairn in his coffin, with his own hands, would Captain Lockhart submit to his fate, and when all was over, he was cared for as anxiously as his friend.

Only one was left.

As the spectators beheld the tall handsome figure standing erect before them an irrepressible murmur arose.

Looking around, Shaftoe at once discovered the young women, and as his eye settled upon one of them he called out:

"Do not forget."

A white kerchief was waved in reply.

A proud smile lighted up his handsome countenance when his eyes were bound, and his last words, distinctly heard by all were:

"Long live King James the Third."

Half a dozen bullets were instantly lodged in his breast. For a moment he stood erect, and then fell.

Thereupon a very beautiful young woman, whose features were as white as her attire, stepped quickly forward, followed by two others, and motioning back the soldiers, took up Shaftoe's body and placed it in his coffin.

This done, she who had first come forward, and who was no other than Dryope, knelt down, and fixing a look of unalterable affection upon her dead lover, kissed his brow.

Placing a few flowers beside him, she then arose and disappeared with her companions.

Thus died, and thus was mourned, one of the most gallant gentlemen of the rebel army.

End of Book the Ninth.

Book the Tenth.

THE DUNGEON.

I.

THE CHIEF INSURGENT PRISONERS ARE TAKEN TO LONDON.

Sorrowful was the ride of the Earl of Derwentwater from Preston to Wigan; and his favourite dapple-grey steed that had borne him throughout the campaign, seemed to share his despondency.

Moreover, the weather was gloomy, and in accordance with the earl's sombre thoughts.

And, truly, there was enough to make

him sad. All was lost. All his great estates would be confiscated, and the journey he had just commenced would inevitably end in the scaffold.

To add poignancy to his affliction, he could not help reflecting how different the result might have been, but for Forster's deplorable ignorance and obstinacy, and though he acquitted the general of absolute treachery, he could not help feeling that the insurgent army was entirely sacrificed by him.

These thoughts forced themselves upon the earl as he crossed the Ribble Bridge, and did not leave him till he reached Wigan.

Here Lord Derwentwater learnt that Forster had been allowed a carriage, and a seat was offered to him in the same conveyance, but he declined it—preferring to ride.

None of the Scottish lords would travel with Forster, but he found companions in his chaplain, Mr. Patten, Lord Widdrington, and Colonel Oxburgh.

The Earl of Derwentwater performed the whole journey on horseback.

From Wigan the rebel prisoners were conducted to Warrington, where a division took place, and upwards of a hundred were sent on to London, guarded by several detachments of horse. Amongst these prisoners were Sir Francis Anderton, Mr. Townley, Mr. Standish, Mr. Tyldesley, and other Lancashire gentlemen who had joined at Preston.

After a short halt at Warrington, they proceeded by slow stages to Coventry, and Lord Derwentwater in some degree recovered his spirits, being cheered by the society of Sir Francis Anderton and Mr. Townley.

At Coventry, the escort was relieved by another detachment of a hundred troopers commanded by Brigadier Ponton, by whom General Forster was deprived of his carriage.

As an excuse for the indignity thus offered to the late general, it was said that on his arrival at London an attempt would be made to rescue him by a High Church Tory mob.

But Forster fell ill and could not sit his horse, and the carriage became indispensable.

At Highgate Major General Tatton was waiting with two battalions of foot-guards to take charge of the prisoners who were consigned to him, and without consideration to rank, pinioned.

Each prisoner's horse had a halter placed round his neck, and was led by a grenadier.

In this ignominious manner the prisoners

were conducted in four separate divisions to the Tower, Newgate, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea. Lord Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, and the Scottish nobles were taken to the state prison, while Forster, to his great mortification, was lodged with the others in Newgate.

Drums were beaten loudly as the unfortunate captives were taken through the streets, exposed to the insults and derision of the populace, and in some cases seriously injured by the numerous missiles hurled at them.

Incessant cries resounded on all sides of "No Popish Pretender!" "Down with the rebels!" "Long live King George!" But not a single voice shouted "Long live King James!"

The composure and dignity of the Earl of Derwentwater, combined with his remarkable good looks, could not fail to pro-

duce a favourable impression upon the spectators; but quite a sensation was caused by Brigadier Mackintosh, whose gigantic figure and stern looks completely bore out all the descriptions that had been given of him.

The old warrior had been allowed to walk, so that his muscular frame could be fully seen, and though his arms were pinioned, his aspect was so terrible that none dared insult him.

II.

THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER IS IMPRISONED IN THE DEVEREUX TOWER.

The rebel lords were confined in different prison lodgings in the Tower, but were not treated with any sort of rigour, being allowed by the Lieutenant to visit each other, when accompanied by a guard.

The Earl of Derwentwater had a large chamber on the upper story of the Devereux Tower, with a cell connected with it,

wherein he slept, and he passed his time wholly in reading and devotional exercises.

Thus his mind, greatly troubled at first, became gradually tranquillised.

The earl had been imprisoned for nearly a fortnight when the countess, to whom he had written, praying her to come to him, arrived in London.

She was accompanied by Dorothy Forster, who hoped to be useful to her brother, and was likewise attended by Father Norham and Newbiggin.

Without difficulty Lady Derwentwater obtained an order to visit her consort in the Tower, and was furthermore permitted to bring Father Norham with her.

It was a very sad meeting, but the frame of mind attained by the earl enabled him to support it, and to offer the countess consolation.

Though scarcely indulging a hope,

Lord Derwentwater was not unwilling that every effort should be made to obtain a pardon for him, for he could not deny, when gazing at the countess, that life was still dear to him.

Father Norham, however, who feared the worst, urged him to wean his heart as much as possible from earth, and fix it upon heaven.

This the earl earnestly strove to do, and he was greatly assisted by the good priest. His life had always been devout, and now he felt the inexpressible comfort derived from religious observances.

Meanwhile, the countess was using all her efforts to procure her husband a pardon, but she was deterred from applying in the highest quarter, being informed that the king was greatly incensed against the rebel lords, and would not listen to her.

Immediately after the meeting of Parlia-

ment, General Forster was expelled from the House of Commons, and the English and Scottish noblemen concerned in the rebellion were impeached of high treason.

All pleaded guilty, except the Earl of Wintoun, who petitioned for a delay. They were next conveyed by water from the Tower to Westminster Hall, and being brought into the court, presided over by Lord Chancellor Cowper, as Lord High Steward, received sentence of death.

On this occasion the noble prisoners conducted themselves with great firmness and dignity. Nor did the crowd insult them as they were taken back to the barge.

Many spectators indeed regarded them with sympathy, but did not dare to make any demonstration in their favour.

The Countess of Derwentwater no longer hesitated. Accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several other

ladies of the highest rank, she was introduced by the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans into the king's bedchamber, and flinging herself at his majesty's feet, addressed him in French, imploring his clemency for her husband.

The king raised her immediately, and said in an inflexible voice:

"What has the Earl of Derwentwater done to merit clemency on my part? He has been guilty of a most heinous treason. He has set up a Popish Pretender. He has raised my subjects in rebellion—has made war against me—and now that he is vanquished, he sues humbly for mercy. I cannot—will not pardon him. I look upon him as the guiltiest of the rebel lords."

"Oh! say not so, my liege!" supplicated the countess. "His nature is loyal and generous."

"He has not proved loyal to me," cried

the king. "He is a traitor—a vile traitor —and I will not pardon him. No more, madame! You plead in vain. I pity you—but I cannot help you. The Earl of Derwentwater must die."

As she still continued to clasp his hand, and bathe it with her tears, the king signed to the Duke of Richmond, who raised her and took her away.

This was not the only effort made by the unhappy countess.

She subsequently went to the lobby of the House of Peers, accompanied by the Countess of Nithsdale, Lady Nairn, and many other ladies of distinction, but their petition was refused.

The Countess of Derwentwater was filled with despair when she had to communicate this sad news to the earl, but he bore it firmly.

"I am sorry you knelt to the usurper,"

he said. "I am the guiltiest of all the insurgent lords in his eyes, because I am most attached to King James, and because King James is most attached to me. You have promised too much for me, sweetheart. I have never sworn allegiance to the Hanoverian usurper, and never will. I might engage not to conspire against him, but I refuse to serve him."

"What is to be done?" cried the countess, despairingly.

"Nothing," replied the earl. "I forbid you to make any further appeal to the tyrant. My death is resolved on."

"I cannot think otherwise, daughter," observed Father Norham, who was present.

"Perhaps your escape may be accomplished?" cried the countess eagerly.

"That is wholly different," said the earl. "If you can aid in my deliverance, I shall

rejoice. But I fear the attempt will not be successful."

"Wherefore not?" said the countess.

"Because I believe that my destiny is otherwise," rejoined the earl.

"Yield not to such fancies, my son," said Father Norham. "Nor let any scruple hinder you from freeing yourself, if you can, from the tyrant's power. Break his bonds I counsel you, and escape from captivity and death. You may still be able to serve King James, and the great services you have rendered him, and the sacrifices you have made for him, may be rewarded."

"Whatever is done, must be done quickly," said the earl. "The time approaches when escape will no longer be possible—unless," he added, with a strange smile, "I could walk, like Saint Denis, with my head off."

Though the earl never quitted the Devereux Tower except for the scaffold, two remarkable escapes occurred from adjoining fortifications, to which we shall refer.

III.

THE EARL OF NITHSDALE'S ESCAPE.

HAVING vainly solicited a pardon for her husband, the Countess of Nithsdale, a woman of great courage, as well as of great personal attractions, resolved to make an attempt to liberate him.

Before putting her project in execution she found a place of refuge, where the earl might remain safely concealed till he could embark for France.

This done, on the last day it was thought he had to live, she drove to the Tower gate in a hackney-coach, and dismissed the vehicle.

She was accompanied by two female attendants, and seemed so utterly prostrated by grief, that she needed their assistance.

Her attendants wore hoods and cloaks, but not in such a manner as to appear like a disguise.

The earl was confined in a distant fortification situated in the north-west angle of the inner ward, and it seemed certain that the countess would never have got there without support.

A sentinel was stationed at the entrance of the prison-lodging, but as the party were preceded by a jailer they passed without question.

When the massive door of his prison-

chamber was unlocked, Lord Nithsdale came forth from a small inner room, or cell, and perceiving his wife uttered a cry, and clasped her to his breast.

Shortly afterwards, the jailer who was stationed outside, was summoned by one of the female attendants. She told him her services were no longer required, and after a very slight scrutiny he suffered her to depart.

But this active confidante had stayed long enough to divest herself of an additional dress with which she was provided.

This dress was meant as a disguise for the earl, while it was intended that her fellow-servant should personate the afflicted countess.

The exchanges of attire were quickly made.

The earl, whose slight figure and small

stature suited the part he had to play, was transformed into a lady's maid; and the representative of the countess was duly prepared for the part she had to enact.

All was now ready, but it was deemed prudent to wait nearly an hour, and it will be guessed what anxiety was felt in the interval.

At length, the jailer was called.

On unlocking the door, he beheld the earl as he thought, in an attitude of despair, leaning on the table, with his face covered by his hands.

The unhappy countess was overwhelmed by grief, and had to be led forth by her attendant, who was muffled up in her hood to hide her own tears.

The jailer's stony heart was touched by so much grief. He let them out without a word, fastened the door, and following

them down the circular stone steps, offered in a kindly tone to conduct them to the gate.

The countess murmured her thanks, and the man marched on before them, and saved them from any interference, receiving a piece of gold for his pains, when he left them at the Bulwark Gate.

"Tell your lady," he said to the attendant, who gave him the gratuity, "that I will do all I can for his lordship to-morrow."

He would have called a coach, but they took a boat, and crossed to the other side of the river.

The first person to enter the prison-chamber after the earl's flight was the Lieutenant of the Tower.

He was filled with consternation on perceiving that its sole occupant was a very handsome woman.

"The Countess of Nithsdale here!" he exclaimed. "The earl then has escaped?"

"Solely by my connivance," she replied. "No one here has been concerned in the flight."

"That remains to be ascertained," rejoined the Lieutenant. "But your ladyship's life will be responsible for that of your husband."

"My husband is safe, and that is enough for me!" cried the countess, joyfully.

"But he may be recaptured," said the Lieutenant.

"I have no uneasiness on that score," she rejoined. "My precautions have been too well taken."

"Well, I must detain your ladyship," said the Lieutenant. "And I know not what course may be pursued; but I will frankly

own that I hope you may be able to rejoin your lord."

This good wish was eventually fulfilled.

IV.

THE EARL OF WINTOUN'S ESCAPE.

ANOTHER important escape must be recounted.

In this case the noble fugitive was indebted entirely to his own exertions for deliverance.

The youth of the Earl of Wintoun was passed in a manner that might have given him extraordinary notoriety in our own time; but though he ran away to France,

and disappeared for some years, his claim to the title was never disputed.

Incredible as it may seem, during this period of his career, he hired himself to a blacksmith, and served as a mere bellows-blower for some years.

At the same time he acquired considerable mechanical skill, which was subsequently improved, when he abandoned the hammer and the forge, and his talent now stood him in good stead.

He was imprisoned in the upper part of the Hall Tower, formerly, as its name imported, connected with the old palace, and the windows of his rooms looked into the inner and outer wards.

These windows were strongly grated, but Lord Wintoun derided this obstacle to escape.

Carefully concealed about his person, he had a couple of small files, and setting to

work with these implements, he so nearly cut through the bars, that he could immediately remove them when needful.

The main difficulty was now overcome, but the windows were at a considerable height from the ground; and, moreover, there were sentinels both at the back and front, who must be eluded before an escape could be effected.

The Earl of Wintoun, however, was confident in his own ability to manage the matter, and did not doubt he should find an opportunity of getting off.

The opportunity occurred.

During the day a fog had prevailed in the City, and of course extended to the Tower. Indeed, it was thicker there than elsewhere.

Towards night the vapour increased in density. Not only was the White Tower completely hidden, but all the surrounding

buildings were obscured. The sentinels could scarcely be distinguished on their posts. Links were lighted, but only served to make the darkness more palpable.

When the fog first came on, the Earl of Wintoun resolved to take advantage of the chance thus offered him, but he waited patiently till night.

No extra precaution seemed to be taken by the jailers, except that the entrance to the Hall Tower from the inner ward was fastened, but this mattered little, since the fugitive proposed to descend from the window looking towards the outer ward.

No sooner had the jailer paid his last visit for the night than the earl removed the bars from the window, tied a couple of sheets together and fastened them, and then listened intently for the sound of the sentinel's footsteps, who was pacing to and fro beneath.

So dark was it that Lord Wintoun could not see the man, but he could hear him, and when he judged by the sound that the sentinel was at the greatest distance, he let himself down as quickly and noiselessly as he could.

A sound reached the man's ear, for he suddenly halted, and called out, "Who goes there?"

But receiving no answer, and hearing no further noise, he did not think it needful to give the alarm.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Wintoun, who had remained perfectly quiet at this critical juncture, now stole to the further side of the ward, and crept along the edge of the wall till he got within a short distance of the Gate Tower.

Here fortune favoured him.

At the very moment of his arrival, a warder who had just come from the guard-

room was opening the wicket to let out some half-dozen persons.

Without hesitation, the earl mixed with the party, and though a link was brought, he escaped without attracting the warder's attention.

But another portal had still to be passed at the opposite side of the bridge, and as Lord Wintoun was marching towards it with his companions, he felt his arm grasped, while a voice whispered in his ear:

"You are one of the rebel lords. Your life is worth a thousand pounds. I must have that sum, or I will prevent your escape."

"You shall have the money," replied the earl, in the same tone.

"Enough," said the man. "I know you will fulfil your promise. Take that letter. It will tell you who I am."

But for this timely aid the earl might

have been stopped by the guard at the Middle Tower.

However, he soon got clear of the fortress, and passing through the Bulwark Gate, plunged into the fog that enveloped Tower Hill.

V.

GENERAL FORSTER'S ESCAPE FROM NEWGATE.

A VERY jovial time the prisoners in Newgate had of it.

Supplied with plenty of money by their friends, they could obtain whatever they wanted; and better wine and better punch were drunk in Newgate than at any tavern in town.

The prison, indeed, resembled nothing so much as a large inn, where the numerous

guests were feasting and carousing from morning till night.

The majority of the prisoners persuaded themselves that in consequence of their surrender they should be very leniently treated, but come what might, they resolved to make the most of the present moment.

Ordinarily a sort of barrack, called the King's Bench Ward, was occupied by debtors, but in consequence of the excessively crowded state of the jail, this large chamber, which was partitioned off for beds, served as a dormitory for a portion of the rebels, while they dined, supped, drank punch, smoked pipes, played cards, dice, and draughts, in the Debtor's Hall.

Driven from their quarters, the luckless, debtors took refuge on the felons' side or in the cellar.

Private bed-chambers, and small private apartments, for which enormous fees were

demanded by the governor, Mr. Pitts, were provided for some of the insurgent leaders.

The best bedroom in the prison, which had formerly been occupied by Lord Russell and Count Koningsmark, and more recently by Count Guiscard, was let to General Forster. Charles Radclyffe, and Colonel Oxburgh, were each furnished with a good room, but Brigadier Mackintosh did not care how he was accommodated.

The chief officers had their own mess-table, at which they were very well served, and friends constantly dined with them. The prison, indeed, was as full of visitors as inmates, and the prisoners were just as cheerful as their guests.

A great deal of sympathy was felt for the unfortunate Jacobite gentlemen by the fair sex, who flocked to Newgate to express it.

The prisoners were highly gratified by

their attention, and exceedingly delighted to see them, and the lodge was so beset by sedan-chairs and coaches, and so thronged by ladies in fine dresses and loo-masks that it looked more like the entrance to a masquerade than the approach to a gloomy dungeon.

Notwithstanding his reverses, and though he was severely censured by his own party, General Forster maintained his cheerfulness.

On Dorothy's arrival in town he was constantly visited by her, and it is probable she suggested a plan of escape to him.

It is certain she brought him a large sum of money. How it was employed can only be conjectured, though we do not think we shall be far wrong in asserting that a considerable portion of it found its way into the pockets of Mr. Pitts.

By whatever means he procured them, and, as we have intimated, suspicion attached to the governor, Forster obtained false keys, and they were successfully employed by him immediately after a bill of high treason had been found against him.

The comedy, it must be owned, was well played. On the night of his evasion, Forster invited Sir Francis Anderton, who was likewise a prisoner in Newgate, to sup with him, and they sat together carousing to a late hour.

They were still enjoying themselves when the governor came in to remind them that it was not far from midnight. Forster begged him to sit down, as he wished him to taste some very fine old brandy, and stepped into the adjoining chamber to fetch the bottle.

Apparently, he could not find what he sought, for he did not immediately return, and the governor, feigning to become alarmed, went to look after him.

The prisoner was gone, and had evidently made his exit by the door communicating with the passage, which ought to have been locked outside.

Indeed it *was* locked, as was the door of the other room, for when the governor hurried thither, and tried to get out, he found himself a prisoner.

The consternation into which Mr. Pitts was thrown by this discovery, if not real, was extremely well simulated, and imposed upon Sir Francis Anderton, who, however, laughed very heartily.

The governor knocked against the door, and shouted loudly for assistance, but some minutes elapsed before the turnkey came,

and then it was found that a double-lock had been placed outside.

Search was made for the fugitive, but no traces whatever could be found of him.

Every door through which he had to pass had been unlocked and re-fastened, and if their statements were to be credited, not one of the turnkeys had seen him pass out of the prison.

How he got through the lodge—how he passed the usually vigilant porter at the gate — has never been satisfactorily explained!

But it is certain he proceeded to Blackfriars, where he found Dorothy waiting for him.

She had hired a boat for Gravesend, whence her brother embarked before dawn for France. Dorothy, however, did not accompany him in his flight.

A reward of one thousand pounds was

immediately offered for Forster's apprehension, but he was safe on the other side of the Channel.

Mr. Pitts was tried for his life at the Old Bailey for conniving at Forster's escape, but was acquitted.

VI.

BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH'S ESCAPE.

Owing to his prodigious strength and daring Brigadier Mackintosh was more feared than any other of the rebels confined in Newgate, and it was deemed necessary to place him in irons.

Highly indignant at such treatment, he complained of it in the strongest terms to the governor, but was told it was done by the express order of Lord Townshend.

"His lordship wishes to inflict a disgrace upon me," he said; "but he simply dishonours himself by treating a Highland commander like a common felon. Tell his lordship his contemptible fetters will not prevent my escape."

After Forster's escape, which had caused an extraordinary sensation throughout London, the vigilance of the jailers was doubled, and Brigadier Mackintosh delayed the execution of the daring project he had conceived till the latest moment.

Not till the night before his trial was fixed to take place at Westminster Hall did he make the attempt.

Already he had partly sawn through the hateful fetters, so that he could cast them off in a moment, and they were now rather advantageous to him than otherwise, as they procured him greater freedom.

Colonel Mackintosh, who was likewise a

prisoner, Charles Wogan, Robert Hepburn of Keith, with several others, chiefly Scotsmen, were to be partners in the flight, but the entire conduct of the enterprise was left to the brigadier himself.

About eleven o'clock at night, Mackintosh, having freed himself from his irons, cautiously descended the stairs leading from the upper ward to the press-yard, and stationed himself at the door.

His friends remained in the dormitory, but were ready to join him in a moment.

Presently, the door was unlocked as he expected it would be, by the governor's black servant, Caliban, bearing a lantern.

Caliban was a powerful fellow, but no match for the brigadier, who seized him by the throat with a gripe like that of a vice, and hurled him to the ground.

The cries of the half-strangled black

brought the governor, and Mr. Ballard, the head turnkey, to the spot.

They were struck with amazement at seeing the brigadier, but did not dare to grapple with him, now that he was free from his irons.

Leaving them to be dealt with by his followers, who were now thronging the press-room, the brigadier hurried on—his object being to disarm the sentinel.

Before the man could raise the musket to his shoulder, Mackintosh sprang upon him like a tiger, and forced the weapon from his grasp, while young Hepburn pinioned the man's arms.

Meantime, Ballard had been deprived of his keys, and he and Mr. Pitts were thrust through the door leading to the staircase from the press-room, and locked out.

The porter in the lodge alone remained—at least, it was thought so by the fugitives—

but he chanced to have a watchman with him at the time, and this gossiping guardian of the night, hearing the disturbance, endeavoured to rush out and spring his rattle.

But he was caught and deprived of his coat, lantern, and hat by the brigadier, who thought the disguise might prove serviceable to some of his followers.

In another minute the fugitives were out in the street, which was fortunately quite deserted at the time, and the lodge gate being locked outside, immediate pursuit was impossible.

Bidding each other a hasty farewell, the fugitives then separated, each seeking the asylum which he knew had been provided for him.

Mr. Hepburn was uncertain where to go, when a light in a window at that late hour attracted his attention, and he perceived an

antique silver tankard of peculiar shape, which he knew belonged to his family.

Without hesitation he entered the house and found his wife, who had placed the cup in the window, hoping it might catch his eye.

Forster's flight from Newgate was completely eclipsed by that of Brigadier Mackintosh and his companions.

That the first escape had been effected by bribery, very few persons doubted; but this was a bold dashing affair, well calculated to excite public admiration, and nothing else was talked about for a few days.

As previously mentioned, the trial of the rebels was to have taken place in Westminster Hall on the following day. The court and juries met, but no prisoners were forthcoming, and an adjournment took place; but though a reward of one

thousand pounds was offered for the apprehension of the brigadier, and five hundred pounds for each of his associates, they were not retaken.

After a temporary concealment, Mackintosh succeeded in making his escape to France, where he remained for several years; but being unable to resist the impulse to revisit his native land, he ventured back to Scotland—a very hazardous step to take, since, being an outlaw, he was excluded from the benefit of the Act of Indemnity.

The consequence was that the veteran warrior spent the remainder of his life as a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle.

It is not our intention to follow the executioners in their sanguinary circuit through Lancashire—nor shall we even particularise the insurgents who suffered the utmost rigour of the law at Lancaster,

Garstang, Preston, Wigan, Liverpool, and Manchester — but we will halt for a moment at the latter place to allude to Tom Syddall, who was barbarously put to death with four or five others at Knot Mill. His case may stand for all the rest, since it was in no respect exceptional.

Taken on a hurdle to the gallows, partly hanged—but not till life was extinct, he was drawn and quartered, and his head fixed on the market cross.

Such was the punishment inflicted upon all the rebels of lower rank, who were not transported to the colonies.

End of Book the Tenth.

Book the Eleventh.

THE SCAFFOLD.

I.

THE LAST PARTING BETWEEN THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER AND THE COUNTESS.

THE last sad parting between the Earl of Derwentwater and the countess must now be detailed.

The interview took place in the prison-chamber in the Devereux Tower, and on the day before the execution.

After his condemnation, the earl had passed most of his time in prayer, and had so completely succeeded in reconciling him-

self to his fate, that he forbade the countess to make any further efforts for his deliverance. Indeed, after the escapes that had taken place, any fresh attempt would have been futile.

The unhappy countess was staying at Dagenham Park, an old manorial mansion, near Romford in Essex, belonging to a Roman Catholic family, and she came over every day to the Tower, accompanied by Father Norham, in the hope of seeing her husband.

Latterly, permission had been refused her, but, on the day before the execution, she was allowed to visit him with the priest.

Not having seen him for a few days, she was much struck by the change in his appearance. His countenance had a very serene expression. All trouble had vanished from it, and it was plain from his looks that his thoughts were fixed on high.

"You have no longer any fear of death, I perceive, my son," said Father Norham.

"I have no desire for life, father," he replied. "I am better prepared to die than I might be at a future time, were my days prolonged."

"I shall soon rejoin you, my lord," said the countess.

"No, live!—I would have you live," he cried. "You are young, beautiful—and I trust have many years of happiness before you. I would not have them abridged. But think of me always—think how fondly I have loved you — think how entirely happy I have been in your society. Never for a single moment has my heart swerved from its devotion to you. Fate has separated us for a time—but it was against my will. My love has been sacrificed to my sense of duty."

"I know it, my dearest lord," she cried,

with a look of anguish. "Oh! how bitterly I reproach myself that I urged you to join this fatal expedition. Would I could recal the past! Would we could be at Dilston together as in former days! Never! never should you leave it! But I must not speak of the past."

"Nay, it does not pain me," said the earl, tenderly. "Let us quit this dungeon for a moment in thought, and transport ourselves to Dilston. Let us stand together—as we have so often stood—upon the terrace, and gaze upon the far-spreading prospect. Ah! the scene rises before me, as I speak! We are in the glen, wandering by the side of the stream. We are in the forest, and I enter the Maiden's Walk, and receive a warning."

"What more?" cried the countess.

"Nothing," replied the earl. "The

vision has disappeared. Alas! my sweet love, Dilston will be yours no more. The house you have brightened with your presence will be taken from you. I cannot bequeath it to you. Yet I should wish to be laid with my fathers in the vault beneath the little chapel."

"It shall be done, my dearest lord," she cried, earnestly. "Your wishes shall be fulfilled."

"I do not think that resting-place will be denied me," said the earl.

"Have no fear, my lord," said Father Norham. "The malice of your enemies will not extend to that length. All shall be done as you desire. When the tragedy is over, the body shall be conveyed by slow stages—and only by night—to Dilston. During the day it shall rest in some Catholic chapel, and masses shall be said."

"I will accompany it, and see the last sad rites performed," said the countess.

"You give me inexpressible comfort," said the earl. "It was the sole request I had to prefer."

Shortly afterwards the earl retired with Father Norham into the cell adjoining the prison-chamber, where the priest heard his confession, and gave him absolution.

During this interval, the countess knelt down and prayed fervently.

At length, the earl came forth, and she arose, perceiving from his looks that the moment of parting was come.

He extended his arms, and flying towards him, she was clasped to his breast.

Thus they remained for some minutes amid a silence, broken only by her sobs.

He then made a slight effort to loosen

her embrace, but she clung to him even more tenaciously.

"We must part, my best beloved," he said, printing a kiss upon her brow.

"Oh! I knew not the anguish of this hour," she cried. "Would my heart would break and relieve me!"

"For your husband's sake, calm yourself, dear daughter, I implore you!" said the priest.

But her grief was too violent to be restrained, and a paroxysm ensued that found vent in a fearful shriek, that burst through the grated windows of the fortification, and almost froze the blood of such as heard it.

She then became insensible.

On regaining consciousness, she no longer beheld her husband. She had parted from him for ever. She had been carefully re-

moved to the Lieutenant's lodgings, where restoratives were applied.

As soon as her strength permitted, she left the Tower with Father Norham, and returned to Dagenham Park; feeling as if her heart were broken.

II.

HOW LORD WIDDRINGTON TOOK A LAST LEAVE OF THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

Gloomy was the morn, and in unison with the sombre deed about to take place.

Already a scaffold, draped in black, on which the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were to pay the forfeit of their lives, had been erected on Tower-hill.

At an early hour three strong detachments of Life Guards marched from White-

hall, and posted themselves round the scaffold.

At the same time, a crowd of curious observers of both sexes began to assemble, and increased so rapidly that within an hour the whole summit of the eminence was densely thronged.

Some sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate lords about to suffer, but it would almost seem that the majority of the spectators were drawn thither by curiosity rather than by any other feeling.

Like all other crowds they exhibited great impatience because they supposed they were kept waiting, and manifested their displeasure by groaning at the Life-Guards, who, however, treated them with supreme contempt.

Not till ten o'clock did the sheriffs make their appearance, and way was cleared for them by their guard through the crowd.

They proceeded to the Transport Office—a building at the rear of the scaffold—where rooms were prepared for those about to die.

At the same time, a bell within the Tower began to toll, and almost immediately afterwards, a party of grenadiers issued from the Bulwark Gate, followed by two hackney-coaches in which were the condemned nobles and their chaplains.

With Lord Derwentwater was Father Norham; with Lord Kenmure was the Reverend Mr. Sharp, a Presbyterian minister.

On either side of the coaches marched javelin men to keep off the crowd.

Had not Lord Derwentwater been attended by a Romish priest, his youth and good looks would have excited extraordinary sympathy among the beholders, but the sight of Father Norham irritated them,

and they expressed their hatred of Popery by hootings. Lord Derwentwater seemed wholly undisturbed by the clamour.

Lord Kenmure met with a much better reception, and Mr. Sharp contrived to let the mob know that his lordship held Popery in abomination.

In this manner the two lords were conducted to the Transport Office, where they alighted, and were separately conducted to their rooms.

In the room prepared for the Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, who had been reprieved, was waiting to take a last leave of his friend, and was so deeply affected that Father Norham deemed it advisable that the interview should not be prolonged.

While bidding farewell to the earl, Lord Widdrington said, in accents of profound emotion :

"Were I to live a thousand years I should never forget you! You will always remain to me an example of fortitude and resignation. Your heroism makes me regret that I have accepted life, since it would be a privilege to die with you. I need not wish you firmness at the last, for I know you will not want it."

With this, he embraced him, and left the room.

III.

HOW THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER WAS BEHEADED.

Lord Derwentwater then addressed himself to his devotions, and remained in earnest prayer with Father Norham, till the hour approached, when the good priest thus recommended his soul to heaven.

"When thy soul shall depart from thy body, may thy Redeemer appear to thee, and appoint thee a place amongst those who are to stand before him for ever!"

The earl then arose, and since the priest was not allowed to be with him to the last, he bade him an eternal adieu.

Just then, the door was opened, and Sir John Fryer, one of the sheriffs, came in, and, with a grave salutation, inquired if he was ready.

"Perfectly," replied Lord Derwentwater.

Casting a farewell look at the good priest he then followed the sheriff, who marched before him with his men, through two lines of foot guards to the scaffold.

All was prepared.

The executioner was standing beside the block with the axe in his hand.

Not far from him were two assistants, and near them was the coffin.

A slight murmur arose from the vast concourse as the Earl of Derwentwater appeared on the scaffold, but it was a murmur of admiration — all being struck by hi

slight, graceful figure, seen to the greatest advantage in his black velvet attire.

"May I say a few words to the assemblage, Sir John?" asked the earl.

"Assuredly, my lord," replied the sheriff.

The earl then advanced towards the rail of the scaffold, and as it was evident he was about to address them, the concourse became instantly silent, and every eye was fixed upon him.

In a clear voice, that was heard afar, and vibrated through the breasts of all near to him, he thus spoke:

"Being in a few minutes about to appear before the tribunal of Heaven, where, though most unworthy, I hope to find mercy which I have not found from men in power, I have endeavoured to make my peace by humbly begging pardon for all the sins of my life.

"I have never had any other sovereign save King James the Third, whom I have served from infancy; and if his religion had been different from mine, I should still have done all I could for him, as my ancestors did for his predecessors. I intended wrong to none, and only to serve my king and country, and if the sacrifice of my life could contribute to that end, I shall consider it well paid.

"I die a Roman Catholic, and in perfect charity with all the world, even with those most instrumental in my destruction, and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of Infinite Mercy, into whose hands I commend my spirit."

Delivered as we have described, this brief address produced a powerful effect upon the multitude, and however much they might differ from the earl, they could not help admiring his constancy.

As he retired, a loud wail arose from the female portion of the spectators.

"My lord," observed Sir John Fryer, "I must beg you now to prepare yourself."

"Grant me a few moments more," said the earl.

And the request being accorded, he knelt down and prayed fervently.

Shortly afterwards, he arose, and stepped towards the executioner, one of whose men would have helped him to take off a portion of his attire, but he refused the assistance.

The executioner then besought his forgiveness.

"With all my heart," replied the earl. "I forgive all my enemies—even the most malicious of them—and I forgive you."

Seeing the man look hard at him, he added:

"Thou wilt find a purse in my pocket. 'Tis thine with its contents."

"I thank your lordship. Will you now try how the block fits you?"

Thereupon the earl made the essay.

Apparently satisfied, he turned to the executioner, and said:

"Is thine axe sharp?"

"So sharp that it will take off a head at a blow. I pray your lordship to feel the edge."

"Nay, I shall feel it soon enough," replied the earl with a slight shudder.

After a momentary pause, he added:

"I would die with the holiest name on my lips. When I have thrice pronounced it, strike!"

"My lord, I will not fail," said the headsman.

Laying himself upon the block, the earl then ejaculated:

"Lord Jesu! receive my spirit! Lord Jesu! be merciful to me! Lord Jesu!——"

At this juncture the axe descended.

Next moment the head was held up to the concourse, while the executioner called out in trumpet tones:

"Behold the head of a traitor! God save King George!"

An irrepressible groan broke from the concourse.

The body was instantly placed in the coffin, and conveyed to a hearse, which was waiting for it at a short distance.

But the head was disposed of differently. Wrapped in black baize by the direction of Sir John Fryer, it was taken to a hackney-coach, stationed near the hearse, and delivered to a lady, habited in deep mourning, and shrouded in a veil. With her was a priest.

No sooner did she receive the terrible

bundle than she raised her veil, and pressed her lips to it.

The hearse and the coach then quitted Tower Hill, and were driven slowly to Dagenham Park.

But the headsman had only half finished his task.

When fresh sawdust had been strewn on the gory scaffold, another head—that of Lord Kenmure—was fitted to the block, and the axe again fell.

IV.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CHAPEL AT DAGENHAM PARK.

Not till the second night after the earl's body had been brought to Dagenham Park did the countess commence her journey to Dilston.

During the interval the coffin was placed upon a catafalque in the chapel attached to the mansion, and tapers were lighted around it—masses being said for the repose of the soul of the departed by Father Norham.

The head had now been replaced by the body, but the countess would not allow the coffin to be closed, and at night she was left alone in the chapel.

After praying for some time she arose and gazing at her dead lord, invoked him either to appear to her, or give her some sign that he was conscious of her presence.

But the pale features retained their fixed expression.

After awhile, she sat down, and despite all her efforts to resist it, sleep stole over her.

Then she dreamed that the earl stood beside her, looking as he had done in life.

After contemplating her for a few minutes with a look that seemed to fascinate her he said in low solemn accents:

"Weep no more for me, Anna! weep no

more ! my suffering is over. But let my last wishes be fulfilled. Till my body is laid where I have desired my spirit will wander near its earthly tabernacle. Then it will rest."

"Give me some token that I have really beheld you, my lord," she said.

"Look at my right hand, and you will be satisfied," was the reply.

Thereupon the phantom vanished.

Not for some hours could she rouse herself from the heavy slumber into which she had fallen. She then recalled the vision, but thought it must have been a dream.

To convince herself of the truth she went to the coffin, and raised the right hand of the corpse.

On one of the fingers was a ring which she had not observed before. Removing it, she placed it on her own finger.

Reluctant to allude to the mysterious

occurrence, she did not even mention it to Father Norham.

Next day she was joined by Dorothy Forster, who desired to accompany her to Dilston.

V.

THE JOURNEY TO DILSTON.

At the head of the funeral procession rode the faithful Newbiggin.

Then followed the hearse drawn by four horses, with the coachman and two assistants, and lastly came the countess in a carriage likewise drawn by four horses. With her were Dorothy Forster and Father Norham.

The night was dark on which they set

forth, and they tracked many weary miles through country roads, making slow progress, but meeting with no hindrance, till towards dawn, they halted at a large mansion near Chelmsford belonging to a Roman Catholic gentleman, where they halted and remained during the day—the coffin being removed from the hearse, and placed in a small private chapel, where tapers were lighted, and masses said as at Dagenham.

Here the day was passed.

On the second night, they proceeded to Cambridge—and on the third to a mansion near Saint Ives, in Huntingdonshire.

Thence they moved on to Peterborough.

In this manner they pursued the road towards Newcastle, journeying entirely by night, and halting during the day at some Roman Catholic mansion, where hospitality was afforded them, and where religious rites could be performed.

It was a long, long journey. But the countess did not find it wearisome. Rather she grieved to think it must soon be ended.

She derived great solace from the affectionate companionship of Dorothy Forster.

Seven nights had thus been passed in travel, and they were proceeding on the eighth night from Thirsk towards Darlington, when a horseman rode up to the carriage.

At first his appearance caused alarm, but fear quickly gave way to surprise when they found it was Charles Radclyffe. They knew he had escaped from prison, but supposed he was in France.

He entered into no explanation then, but contented himself with saying that he should accompany them to Dilston, and rode on with Newbiggin.

At Darlington he had a private interview with Dorothy, and told her that he

could not leave England without seeing her again, and besought her to accompany him in his flight.

"This is not the moment to urge my suit," he said; "but I have no option. Will you fly with me? Will you embrace the fortunes of a ruined man?"

"I cannot decide now," she replied. "You shall have an answer at Dilston."

From her grave manner Charles had very little hope of a favourable response.

The journey occupied two more nights, but on the third morning, they came in sight of Dilston.

Newbiggin had ridden on to prepare the household, and Charles Radclyffe did not think it safe to accompany the procession, though fully intending to be present at the interment.

VI.

THE INTERMENT.

THOUGH it was known that the earl's estates were forfeited, the confiscation had not yet taken place, and, consequently, the household still remained at Dilston.

Ever since the execution they had been filled with superstitious dread.

On the evening of that terrible day, most remarkable Northern Lights were seen, and the reflection of the crimson

sky seemed to turn the water of the brook in the haunted glen to blood.

Next day, a violent tempest occurred, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

Several trees were blown down, and the finest oak in the park was struck—the trunk being completely shattered.

All the household was now assembled to watch the funeral procession as it made its way slowly up the avenue.

Groans and lamentations were heard when the hearse arrived at the gate, and the coffin was taken out, and conveyed to the little chapel.

Not till this had been done did the countess and Dorothy enter the mansion.

Completely prostrated, they strove to prepare themselves for the closing ceremonial that was to take place at midnight.

A doleful place was Dilston during that day. Its inmates were bowed down with grief, and moved about like ghosts.

All needful preparations for the interment were made by Newbiggin.

The vault was opened. The coffin was laid upon a bier not far from the altar, and tapers were lighted around it.

Many of the old servants and dependents, among whom were Nicholas Ribbleton and Nathan Blacklaw, went to the chapel to pray beside the body of their lord.

Not till night did Charles Radclyffe appear at the castle.

He sought out Dorothy and said to her:

"I shall quit Dilston immediately after the interment. Will you go with me?"

"I cannot leave Lady Derwentwater," she replied.

Nothing more was said.

At midnight the little chapel was filled with the late earl's retainers.

The countess and Dorothy knelt in front of the altar, and Charles Radclyffe and Newbiggin were stationed near the coffin.

The solemn service was performed by Father Norham, and amid the tears of all present the last Lord of Derwentwater was laid with his ancestors.

Tantum valet Amor Regis et Patriæ.

THE END.

LONDON:
C. WHITING. BEAUFORT HOUSE, DUKE STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.